The Post

Sunday Special

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PREMIER'S WARNING TO GERMANY

RUSSIANS FALL BACK 25 MILES.

GREAT ARTILLERY BATTLE RAGING IN BELGIUM.

BRITISH BOMB IMPORTANT ENEMY JUNCTIONS.

Sir Douglas Haig reports that the German artillery showed great activity on Saturday in the Lombartzyde sector.

Much aerial fighting occurred on the British front, nine enemy machines being driven down. Four of our machines are missing. Our airmen caused a large explosion at an important enemy railway junction.

The Russian retreat continues, and the Germans on Saturday night reported their troops to be before Tarnopol—an advance of twenty-five miles in two days. Petrograd admits a retirement—the troops not showing the necessary stability, and in places not fulfilling military commands.

After their heavy defeat in the Cerny region the German infantry remained in their trenches. French artillery dispersed assemblies of German troops north of the California plateau.

Mr Lloyd George, in a reply to the German Chancellor, addressed a stern warning to the German people. We could make peace with a free Germany, he said, but cannot make any terms of peace with a Germany dominated by an autocracy.

ENEMY ARTILLERY'S GREAT ACTIVITY IN BELGIUM.

British General Headquarters, France,
Saturday, 8.57 p.m.

The enemy's artillery has shown great activity during the day in the Lombartzyde sector.

Four German aerodromes were successfully bombed yesterday by our aeroplanes, and bombs were also dropped on an important enemy railway junction, causing a large explosion.

There was much fighting in the evening. Three hostile aeroplanes were brought down, and six others were driven down out of control.

Four of our aeroplanes are missing.

THE RUSSIAN RETREAT—ENEMY NOW BEFORE TARNOPOL.

London, Saturday Night.

The military news received to-night from Russia is not so satisfactory.

Berlin to-night reports that their troops are before Tarnopol, an important centre on the river Sereth. This means that in the last two days the Germans have advanced some twenty-five miles.

Russians Admit Retreat.

The Petrograd communique to-day reports on the situation with perfect candour as follows:—

The enemy continued during July 20 a further offensive in the direction of Tarnopol.

Our troops, on the whole, not showing the necessary stability, whilst elsewhere not fulfilling the military commands, continued to retire, and towards evening they paused on the line Reniov-Hladki-Pokropuvna-Vynabudov.

The enemy attacked several times, but was repulsed, and to the north-east of Novica village he succeeded in occupying one of the fortified heights.

German Version of the Retreat.

The German report, as may be expected, making the most of the Russian retreat. The Berlin communique issued this afternoon states:—

In Eastern Galicia, behind the hastily retreating Russian forces, of whom up to the present only parts have made a stand for rearguard purposes, our troops in an impetuous pursuit have crossed the Zioczow-Tarnopol road on both sides of Jezierna on a width of twenty-five miles. Wherever the enemy made a stand he was defeated in a fierce assault. As in previous years, burning villages and great destruction show the route of the retiring Russians. To the north of Brzezany, Austro-Hungarian troops recaptured after hard fighting the positions which they lost on July 1.

To the north of the Dniester the Russian attacks broke down before our lines. To the south of the river the enemy was driven out of Babin.

At Novica, German and Austro-Hungarian troops stormed the Russian high positions in spite of the stubborn defence.

VIOLENT RESISTANCE OF RETREATING RUSSIANS.

Amsterdam, Saturday Night.

The official report issued at Vienna to-night says:—

The counter-attack delivered on both sides of the Lemberg-Tarnopol railway under the guidance of General Field-Marshal Prince Leopold of Bavaria advanced successfully. To the north-east of Brzezany Austro-Hungarian regiments recaptured the first line which we lost on July 1. The German and Austro-Hungarian fighting forces which advanced towards Augustawka, Czderna, and Nesterovco have passed beyond these places. The Russians opposed violent resistance to the advance of the allied troops in certain places, which had to be broken by sharp attacks.

M. KERENSKY NOW RUSSIAN PREMIER.

Cabinet Change a Good Omen.

London, Saturday.

A telegram received from Petrograd to-day states that Prince Lvoff has resigned.

M. Kerensky has been appointed Premier, temporarily retaining the portfolios of War and Marine.

Reuter's Agency learns well-informed British circles are not surprised at the changes in the Russian Government. Although Prince Lvoff's resignation was unexpected just at present, it was recognised the resignation of Ministers had rendered his position very difficult.

It is felt M. Kerensky's appointment as Premier is a very good step. He is looked upon as the Russian Cromwell—a man of almost unlimited capacities and determination. Prominent Russians in London regard his accession to the chief post in the Government as a good advance towards establishing perfect union between the people and the army, and it is hoped it may put a stop to the isolated cases of unwillingness to fight on the part of the soldiers.

KERENSKY'S BOLD ORDER

TO REBEL SAILORS IN BALTIC FLEET.

Petrograd, Saturday.

M. Kerensky has addressed an Order to the army and navy, in which he draws attention to the insubordination on board certain vessels of the Baltic Fleet and other recent disturbances since the Revolution, due to enemy influence.

At the very moment when our army was taking the offensive, he says, disorders broke out in Petrograd imperilling the Revolution and exposing our army to the enemy. In view of what has happened I order the immediate dissolution of the Central Committee of the Baltic Fleet and the election of a new Committee, the issue of a notification to all detachments and ships of the Baltic Fleet that I desire them to remove at once all persons suspected of inciting to insubordination against the Provisional Government and against our offensive, and to send these individuals to Petrograd for trial.

Traitors Must Be Given Up.

The detachments of Kronstadt and the battleships Petropavlovsk, Republic, and Slava, the names of which have been disgraced by the actions of the counter-revolutionaries, shall arrest within twenty-four hours the ringleaders, and send them to Petrograd for trial, thus giving an assurance of complete loyalty to the Provisional Government.

If this order is not carried out the Kronstadt detachments and the crews of these ships will be branded as traitors, and the most rigorous measures will be taken against them.

Comrades, the country has been brought to the brink of a precipice by treason. Mortal danger threatens liberty and the conquest of the revolution.

The German Offensive.

The German armies have already taken the offensive on our front. At any moment a decisive action may be forced by the enemy's fleet, which may try to profit by the confusion of the moment.

Drastic measures are necessary once for all to put an end to this confusion. The army has already done something in this direction, and the fleet should follow suit. In the name of the country of the Revolution of Liberty and in the sacred interests of the workers I call upon you to rally round the Provisional Government and the democratic organisations of all Russia so as to counter the terrific blows of the enemy from without, and to prevent stabs in the back from the traitors.

KERENSKY'S APPEAL TO RUSSIA.

Arrest of Leaders in Counter-Revolution.

Petrograd, Saturday.

M. Kerensky has sent the following message to Reval, Helsingfors, and other ports:—

It has been established without doubt that disturbances at Petrograd were organised with the participation of agents of the German Government. The disturbances have now been completely suppressed. The arrest of the leaders and of those guilty of the blood of their brothers and of crimes against the country and the Revolution is proceeding. Arrests are also taking place among the sailors who acted contrary to their civic and military duty.

I appeal to all true sons of democracy to rally round the Provisional Government and the democratic organisations throughout Russia to save the country and the Revolution from the enemy and his allies within.

STATE OF SIEGE AT PETROGRAD.

Copenhagen, Saturday.

The Swedish Social Demokraten learns that Petrograd was declared yesterday in a state of siege.

A great crowd stormed the office of the Leninist paper Pravda.—Exchange.

AUSTRIAN PEACE MOVE.

EMPRESS' LETTER TO POPE.

VATICAN ASKED TO OPEN NEGOTIATIONS.

London, Saturday Night.

I learn from an official of the Vatican (wires the Central News Rome correspondent) that an important letter from the Empress Zita has just reached the Pope.

In this letter the Empress speaks of concessions which Austria is prepared to make to her enemies to secure peace, and implores the assistance of His Holiness in the matter of opening negotiations.

THE FIGHTING AT CERNY.

16 GERMAN AEROPLANES BROUGHT DOWN.

Paris, Saturday Night.

The French official report to-night states:—

The activity of the two artilleries continued very lively during the day on the whole of the Cerny-Craonne front.

Our batteries took under their fire and dispersed to the north of the California Plateau some assemblies of German troops.

There were intermittent bombardments in the region of Rheims and on the left bank of the Meuse.

There is nothing to report on the rest of the front.

From the 11th to the 20th of July five enemy aeroplanes were brought down by our fire. In addition eleven enemy machines fell damaged in the enemy's lines.

Paris, Saturday Night.

The Belgian official report to-night states:—

In the course of the night the enemy artillery violently bombarded the defensive organisations in the region of Het Sas, and then carried out in the morning dispersing fire on the whole front. This afternoon the enemy artillery continued similar firing of moderate intensity in the region of Ramscappel Le Pervyse, and west of Dixmude. We carried out some counter-battery fire.

THE GREEK NAVY.

AN AGREEMENT WITH VENEZELOS.

IMPORTANT BALKANS CONFERENCE.

Athens (Received Saturday).

The Minister of Marine was to-day in communication with Admiral Guesdon with regard to the reconstitution of the Greek Fleet, its armament, and revictualling. This will be effected gradually.

In the course of his visit Admiral Guesdon found himself in complete agreement with M. Venezelos on the question of the fleet, which will in future co-operate with the Allied fleet, and will be placed directly under the orders of the Allied commander of the Mediterranean, Vice-Admiral Gauchet.

The arsenal will be equally at the disposal of the Allied command.

ALLIES' PLANS IN THE BALKANS.

Important Conference to be Held in Paris.

Paris, Saturday.

At the time of the conference in London in June to decide on the line of conduct to be adopted by the protecting Powers in regard to Greece it was agreed that a fresh conference should be held in Paris to settle questions relating to the composition of the army of occupation at Salonika and the general policy of the Allies in the Balkans. Only Powers participating in the war in the Balkans will be represented officially, namely, France, Great Britain, Italy, and Russia, and with a consultative vote Serbia, Roumania, and Greece. As representatives of all Allied Powers will be in Paris on July 25 at the same time as the delegates to the Paris conference very important conversations will take place apart from the discussion of Balkan questions.

LL. GEORGE REPLIES

TO GERMAN CHANCELLOR.

PLAIN WORDS TO GERMAN PEOPLE.

London, Saturday Night.

Mr Lloyd George took advantage of the celebration of Belgian Independence Day in London to reply to the German Chancellor's speech before a large audience in the Queen's Hall this afternoon.

They were assembled, he said, on the anniversary of the independence of Belgium, whose services to Europe would never be forgotten. Belgium was the gateway between the Central Powers and the West. She was the keeper of Europe's liberty, and most faithfully had she discharged her trust. She had suffered for performing her high duty. German fury had been concentrated for three years upon Belgium, but at the end Belgium would be greater than she ever was. (Cheers.) But the deliverance of Belgium is assuredly coming, and when it comes its deliverance must be complete. (Cheers.)

A Facing-All-Ways Speech.

But what have we got in the way? There is a new Chancellor in Germany. (Laughter.) The Junker has thrown the old Chancellor in the waste-paper basket with his scrap of paper. (Laughter and cheers.) You will not have to wait long before Junkerdom will follow.

What hope is there in his speech of peace—an honourable peace. It is a dexterous speech, a facing-all-ways speech. There are phrases for those who earnestly desire peace. There were phrases to which the military powers in Germany will understand—phrases about making the frontiers of Germany secure. (Cheers.)

That is a phrase which will once more precipitate Europe into a welter of blood within a generation unless it is wiped out in the battlefields of Europe.

There were phrases for men of the Democratic mind in that speech, many calling men from the Reichstag to co-operate with the Government. There are phrases to satisfy the Junker. Ah! they will call men from the Reichstag to offices, but they will not be Ministers, but clerks.

Waiting on the Military Situation.

It is the speech of a man waiting on the military situation; and let the Allies all bear in mind that it is a speech that can be made better by improving the military situation. If the German campaigns succeed, then that speech, believe me, means annexation all round, and military autocracy more firmly established than ever. But if they failed, then that speech is all right. We must all help to make it a good speech. Let us assist the new Chancellor to make his first speech a real success. (Laughter.) But for the moment it means that the military party have won. Whatever manner of Government they choose to rule over them is entirely the business of the German people themselves; but what manner of people we can trust to make peace with, that is our business. Democracy is in itself a guarantee of peace.

The German Chancellor's speech shows that those who are in charge of affairs in Germany have from that moment elected for war. There is no hope for Belgium in that speech. Its phraseology is full of menace to Belgium. It means that, even if they restored Belgium, the restoration would be a sham.

> The determination of the Allies is this—that Belgium must be restored as a free and independent people. Belgium must be a people, and not a protectorate. We must not have merely a Belgian scabbard for the Prussian sword. The sceptre must be Belgian, the sword must be Belgian, the scabbard must be Belgian, and the soul must be Belgian.

Doping Germans With Illusions.

I have read that speech once, twice, and thrice, seeking anything that would give hope for the end of this bloody struggle, and I see in it a sham independence for Belgium, a sham democracy for Germany, a sham peace for Europe, and I say Europe has not sacrificed millions of her gallant sons to set up on soil consecrated by their blood a mere sanctuary for shams. (Cheers.) He tries to stimulate and encourage his people by doping them with illusion, and Germany will find that her new hopes are just as much illusions as the others which have been dispelled. Paris in six weeks—that has gone. The circumvention of the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 2.)

LLOYD GEORGE'S WARNING.

NO PEACE WITH AUTOCRACY.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1.)

blockade, the opening of the road to Bagdad, and the resources of the world—that has gone. The Zeppelin raids—where are they? And now it is the Turks and the U boats. Owing to their submarine attacks we cannot last much longer. (Laughter.)

Well, I am sorry to disillusion the German Chancellor at the outset of his career, but truth compels me to do it. Gradually but surely we are increasing our production and decreasing our losses at sea. April was the height of the piratical triumph. They can look back to it as the month of glory for the Black Flag. Since then we have had to face longer days, and although our apprehensions were great for these summer months we have gradually decreased our losses. Although we have only had three weeks of the month of July, comparing those three weeks with the corresponding three in April we have not lost half of the ships we lost in the month of April.

1917-18 Food Supply Secure.

Our shipbuilding had gone down disastrously during the last two years, but this year we shall turn out four times as many ships as we did last year. During the last two months of this year we shall turn out as many ships as we did during the whole twelve months of last year, and next year we shall turn out in comparison with last year six times as many ships.

I am sorry again to disagree with the German Chancellor as to his hope of starving us. Owing to the special exertions both of the Food Controller and the Shipping Controller our food supply for 1917-18 is already secure, subject, of course, to reasonable economy. I do not mean the people of this country to go on doubling their rations, for the present consumption must not be increased.

Michaelis' Mistake About America.

Dr Michaelis said that America had no ships and no army, and told the Germans not to worry about America. But he did not know America, just as the Germans did not know Britain, and they are going to make exactly the same mistake about America as they made about Britain. If Britain, not a very large country, could organise herself in the third year of an exhausting war to turn out millions of tons of new shipping, was America, with twice the population and endless natural resources, going to be beaten? I predict that it will not be long before Dr Michaelis, if he survives, will form a different opinion and make a different speech, and that is the one we are waiting and fighting for. (Hear, hear.)

The Enemies of German Freedom.

The issues were being put clearer day by day. Belgium, with a sure instinct, understood them in the first hour of the conflict. She made no mistake what that meant for her, for France, for Britain, for Europe, for the world, for humanity, for all generations. It was her glory that she jumped to the right conclusion. A great German newspaper said the other day that the Germans were fighting for the freedom and independence of the Fatherland. That was never true, and it was less true to-day than ever. The freer Germany is, the more independent Germany is, the better we like it.

Those who are the enemies of the freedom and independence of Germany are her own rulers and not the Allied Powers. We prefer a free Germany. We could make peace with a free Germany, but a Germany dominated by autocracy we cannot make any terms of peace with. (Cheers.)

When fighting for perhaps a corrupt and a narrower autocracy in the East they had some specious pretext for appeals of that kind to their own people. They have none for what has happened. Russia has not merely become a great democracy which is not fighting to extend its own territory; it has actually declared that it is prepared to concede independence to a nation which was once under the Russian flag. Since then the last shadow of pretext on the part of Germany that she is fighting for her freedom and independence has completely vanished, even if she ever had it.

It has now become a struggle between two definite groups — one a Democratic group—a group of Democratic freemen—another a group of nations governed by military autocracy—Germany, Austria, Turkey, and King Ferdinand of Bulgaria—fit associate.

Russia's New Leader.

There has, Mr Lloyd George proceeded, been a change—a more significant change than that of the substitution of Dr Michaelis for Herr Bethmann von Hollweg, and it is that change that was announced a few hours ago of that brilliant young Russian statesman—the outstanding figure of the Russian Revolution, the man whose inspiration has regenerated and revived Russian military power, who has succeeded to the leadership of Russian democracy. (Cheers.)

In the coming great struggles on the East and on the West every German soldier must know in his heart that if he fails he will be dying for military autocracy in fighting against a country of free people. On the other hand, every Belgian soldier, every French soldier, every Russian soldier knows that he is risking his life for the freedom and independence of his native land. Every British, every American, every Portuguese soldier knows that he will be fighting side by side with the others for international right and justice throughout the world; and it is that growing conviction, more even than the knowledge of our vast, unexhausted resources, which gives them all heart and gives us heart to go on fighting to the end, knowing full well that the future of mankind is our trust to maintain and defend. (Loud cheers.)

Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, First Sea Lord, was received in audience by the King at Buckingham Palace yesterday afternoon.

A Trade Commission has been appointed at Washington to inquire whether food prices in London are lower than the prices ruling in the United States.

A HIGHLANDER'S PLUCK.

HOLDS UP ENEMY SINGLE-HANDED.

BRINGS ABOUT A BIG ADVANCE.

Of the many stories of heroism related to the King during his recent visit to France, and listened to by His Majesty with deep interest, there is probably none finer than that of Private W. G. Taylor, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

The story, as told by a company officer, is as follows:—

The day the Argylls had their historic fight against great odds Taylor was out with a machine-gun party.

All were cut off, and after they had become casualties Taylor sought refuge in a shell hole with his Lewis gun. There he was stranded midway between our own and the German lines, and with little hope of any thing but death before him. In the fight he had been shot through both thighs, and could not stand up. Yet he never despaired.

Five Days and Four Nights.

He lay in the shell hole, working his gun whenever a target presented itself. Several times the Germans tried to rush him, but he quickly sent them back again. For five days and four nights he kept that up.

He suffered terribly from the pain of his wounds, and from hunger and thirst, but his spirit remained unbroken. A party of the enemy came near enough to see the haggard face of the wounded man. They were moved to pity, and offered to take him into their lines. He waved them away, and determined to die rather than surrender.

On the fourth day the enemy's gunfire became so deadly that Taylor thought it would be better to try his luck at getting back than to stay there to be killed like a rat in a hole.

Wounded as he was, and half dead with pain and exposure he started to crawl the distance of 153 yards that separated him from our trench. He got there and collapsed. He had brought his gun with him, and all the time he was crawling he was under fire. When he recovered a little he gave our staff information that made possible the subsequent advance of our troops in that region.

The man has an unconquerable spirit.

Six to One.

Another of the stories told to the King is that of Sergeant D. Gray, of the Seaforths. This is the story of Gray's heroism as told by a comrade:—

In front of us was a machine-gun position held by about sixty of the enemy. Our company was held up by this, and it looked as though there was nothing for it but to stay there and be shot down one by one.

The sergeant thought otherwise. He took ten men and advanced to the attack. They had to charge over ground swept by shell fire and rained on by machine-gun bullets.

They never flinched. They got there, and with bomb and bayonet set on the enemy. They killed or wounded about thirty. The rest set up the "Mercy, kamerade," cry, and were led back prisoners. With the destruction of that hornet's nest our advance continued.

THE RIOTS IN SPAIN.

Madrid, Saturday.

The Minister of the Interior has declared that the position of things at Valencia has improved. The Valencia newspapers have not appeared to-day, the compositors having gone on strike.

Senor Dato, the Premier, announces that the Captain-General has granted four days' leave to some soldiers in Valencia as a reward for their action in arresting an individual for offering them a seditious publication.

In the course of one collision between the gendarmerie and the strikers some of the latter received injuries. The appearance of troops upon the scene had a quietening effect upon the crowd.

At about 9 p.m., when order seemed to have been re-established, fresh troubles broke out in the Carmel quarter, a maze of dark, narrow, unsavoury streets, but the gendarmerie, after firing a few shots, succeeded in dispersing the rioters, and by 10 p.m. absolute calm prevailed again.

San Sebastian, Saturday.—The King and Queen of Spain arrived here to-day, and met with an enthusiastic reception.

MINERS' WAGES.

Demand for All-Round Increase.

London, Saturday.

The Central News understands that a national demand for an all-round increase of wages to all colliery workers will be made at the annual conference of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, which meet at Glasgow next week.

Asked to-day what the actual demand would be, a member of the Federation Executive replied that it would be the difference between the pre-war value of the sovereign and its present equivalent expressed in the price of food, and perhaps a little more. As a matter of fact the new demand will be left to the conference to decide.

A MAIN ROAD CLOSED TO THE PUBLIC.

London, Saturday Night.

An official announcement has been issued that the main road from Ramsgate to Sandwich is closed to the public. This step has been taken by the authorities in consequence of certain developments that have recently taken place. Persons having business in the thoroughfare will be allowed to pass, providing they have a permit.

The closing of this road will stop the motor 'bus traffic which has grown so much during the last year or two.

CARSON AND THE ULSTER DIVISION.

THE CARE OF BROKEN SOLDIERS.

Belfast, Saturday Night.

Craigavon House, Belfast, presented to Ulster Volunteer Force Hospitals by Col. James Craig, M.P., for the treatment of soldiers suffering from neurasthenia and shell shock, was opened this afternoon in presence of a large assembly. This is the first institution of its kind outside of London, and accommodation has been provided for one hundred patients. The adjoining estate, covering thirty-one acres, has also been placed at the disposal of the committee by Col. Craig.

Sir Edward Carson, who was enthusiastically greeted, in accepting the hospital and proposing a vote of thanks to Mrs Craig, expressed the earnest hope that it would bring comfort and happiness to many wounded heroes. As Mrs Craig had told them, he had been intimately associated with the history of Craigavon.

The Ulster Volunteers.

People might think they were right or were wrong in forming the Ulster Volunteers, but the Ulster Volunteers were the nucleus of the brave Ulster division which had lost so many of its men, and which had conferred undying honour upon the hearts and homes of many people in Ulster. Ulster Volunteers, knowing well the duty they owed to those who were going out to fight their battles on the fields of France and elsewhere, shortly after the war broke out instituted a beautiful hospital at Exhibition Rall. To-day they were extending their efforts, not merely for Ulster men, for all were welcome. (Applause.) There was no distinction between Ulster and anywhere else in the battle of liberty that was being waged on the Continent of Europe. (Applause.)

Mr Barnes and Crippled Soldiers.

Mr Barnes, in seconding the resolution, said that three years ago they had political factions. There was constant warfare between employers and employees, and the spirit of bitterness permeated the whole community; but what had taken place that day was the symbol of the fact that the war, after all, had taught them that, over and above all their political and even economic dissensinos, they were one family, determined to carry on the glorious traditions of fighting for liberty which was common to their countrymen.

The Pensions Department was going to gather up and, he hoped, focus the best sentiments and feeling in the country in doing all that was possible for those men who had done so much for thm. Pensions, after all, although important, were not the most that they could do, and not even the most important they could do. It was far more important to rebuild the men. Here were men coming back broken in health, crippled in limb, and, what was far more tragic, in many cases weakened in will. While the country was determined that pensions should be given, the danger was that, through lack of proper organisation, the country might be filled after the war with cripples, mental as well as physical. He believed that that hsopital, and similar institutions, were going to do a great deal to restore those men to full physical and mental vigour. (Applause.)

WIRELESS OPERATOR'S GALLANTRY.

Died at His Post in Naval A tion.

London, Saturday.

The Rear-Admiral Commanding the British Naval Forces in the Adriatic has forwarded to the Admiralty the wireless telegraph logs of H.M. trawler Floandi as an exhibit for the National War Museum.

The following, as reported by the Rear-Admiral, is the statement of facts concerning the log:—

This log was found in this condition in the wireless operating cabin of H.M. drifter Floandi after an attack on the drifter by three Austrian cruisers in the Adriatic on May 15, 1917.

The wireless operator, Douglas Morris Harris, A.B., R.N.V.R., continued to send and receive messages, although the drifter was being riddled by shells, until he was killed by a piece of shrapnel whilst writing in the log.

The piece of shell perforated the log, and the line made by his pencil when he was hit and collapsed can be seen on the page upon which he was writing.

The operator was found dead in his chair lying over the log.

DROWNING FATALITY AT LOCH LEVEN.

Kinross, Saturday Night.

About five o'clock this evening, when a number of young men were bathing in Loch Leven near the sluices, one of them got into deep water and was drowned.

One of his companions in an attempt at rescue had a narrow escape.

Deceased was about twenty years of age, and is said to be a miner belonging to Bowhill. Search is being made to recover his body.

WAR BONUS FOR EDINBURGH TRAM WORKERS.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

Professor Lodge issued his award this afternoon as arbiter in the dispute between the Edinburgh and District Tramway Company and its employees

The Professor gives war bonuses of 5s per week to drivers, conductors, regulators, depot staff, and pit and pulley greasers; 2s 6d per week to conductresses; 1s 6d to boys under eighteen; and time and a half rates for Sunday duty between 6 a.m. and 12 midnight.

The above payments are to be reckoned from the first pay day following the issue of the award.

Free passes are to be withdrawn, but employees are to be carried free when going on or coming off duty.

V.C. HEROES DECORATED.

STIRRING SCENES AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

GLASGOW PARENTS GET FALLEN SONS' AWARDS.

London, Saturday Night.

There were tense moments and emotional scenes at the open-air investiture at Buckingham Palace when King George presented thirty-two V.C.s and other decorations. One of the most pathetic incidents was when the aged father of Captain A. Henderson, of Paisley, walked up to the King and received the V.C. and the Military Cross won by his son. King George was deeply affected, and with a kindly smile he stepped forward and shook Mr Henderson warmly by the hand. At the same moment the crowd burst into cheers, and as Mr Henderson came back to his place the scene was one which will live in the memory of all who saw it.

Similarly affecting were the scenes when the honours won by Lieutenant Mackintosh, of Glasgow, and Captain Ball were handed over. The latter were received by Alderman and Mrs Ball, who were in deep mourning.

Queen's Kindly Act.

The King stood at a right angle to the central balcony of Buckingham Palace, which was draped in crimson, with yellow fringe, and where sat the Queen and Princess Mary. As each of the brave men came forward in turn to be decorated he halted, saluted, and faced the King two paces away. The King's Equerry, Colonel Ingram, read aloud the story of the gallant deed, the King listening attentively while the stentorian-voiced herald recounted feat after feat of daring courage. This reading was a task that won the admiration of the onlookers, who stood outside the railings, and now and again one heard a sympathetic sob.

It was Queen Mary's kindly thought that had made it possible for the people to stand on these steps. She had noticed that some of the crowd standing all on a level and trying to look through the railings had very little chance of seeing anything of the proceedings, and accordingly she sent out a message desiring the chairs on the steps to be taken down. There was much popular satisfaction at Her Majesty's action, though it may have come as a slight shock to the officials.

King and the Hero's Baby.

One of the kindliest touches of all was when the King came to hand the V.C. to Mrs Jarratt, widow of a non-com. The young woman in mourning had her baby girl on her left arm. The baby had her eye on the King, and suddenly began to move her little hand. The King, noticing the baby, took the little fingers in his own, and there was a merry laugh, as it was seen that the baby, knowing nothing of Royalty, turned her back on the King, and looked over her mother's shoulder. It will be a pleasant memory for the mother to recall when the tiny mite is older.

HAMILTON CONTRACTOR GETS £60 DAMAGES.

Sequel to Tramcar Accident.

Hamilton, Saturday.

To-day Sheriff Hay Shennan, Hamilton, gave judgment in the action brought by James M'Dowall, carting contractor, Burnbank Road, Hamilton, in which he sought to recover damages from the Lanarkshire Tramways Company for a street accident, and which occurred in March of last year.

Pursuer was driving his lorry out of Hamilton Barracks gate in Almada Street, when he halted to allow an up-going tramcar to pass. The car did get safely past, but while pursuer was driving across the street a down-coming car struck the rear end of the lorry wth considerable force.

The Sheriff finds that the collision was due to the fault of the defenders' servant who was driving the car. The driver was going too fast, while a proper lookout had not been kept. Sheriff Shennan awards the pursuer £60 in name of damages, and also finds him entitled to expenses.

REMARKABLE AYR HOAX.

Ayr, Saturday Night.

The anxiety on the part of visitors to obtain apartments has led to a cruel hoax at Ayr.

An unknown person, giving an address in Edinburgh, advertised a room and kitchen house to let in High Street, Ayr, and his terms for the period of the Fair hlidays was stated to be £2, and he ask that £1 should be sent as a deposit. No such house existed; indeed, the address given was that of a well-known shop in High Street. His terms were reasonable, and many people wrote in reply, and from all accounts a good number of pounds must have flowed into the pockets of the deceiver.

One of the victims was a soldier's widow, and she had to seek accommodation elsewhere after losing her £1. The police are following up clues, and it is to be hoped that the perpetrator of the cruel fraud will be traced and dealt with.

ADMIRALTY POST FOR TRADE UNION OFFICIAL.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

Mr Sam Bunton, Glasgow, district secretary of the A.S.E., one of the best known trade union officials on the Clyde, it is understood, will shortly transfer his services to the Admiralty Shipyard Labour Department, London, subject to the approval of the District Committee.

Mr Bunton's new appointment is largely the outcome of the scheme suggested some time ago which had for its object the hastening of output and the proper distribution of labour.

A HERO OF THE DUNES BATTLE.

MAN WHO SWAM THE YSER.

London, Saturday Ni

The sergeant of the Northampto who swum the Yser and gave the war of the German attack in the recent bat on the Belgian coast, reached his hom Peterboro' to-day.

He is Sergeant B. Cope, his father is a shoemaker. He has been wounded on occasions, the last time in the recent gagement. He will be twenty-on August. In his own words he told of eventful day, when only nine men of Northamptons returned.

Outnumbered Twenty to One

"We were returning to the support he said, "when the Germans started down the communication trenches. officer told me to get a dozen men and stop them. I had a bit of a go at as they went from traverse to traverse all my men got sploshed but three.

"Returning again, I got another dozen men together and had another go at hand-to-hand fighting. We stuck it there there were only seven of us left, the Ger mans outnumbering us by about twenty one.

"I then told the men to look out for their own skins, and I stopped until they all got clear. I ran back to a shell hole with my rifle and toothpick, and having twenty rounds left, I had another splosh at the Boches, who were busily making a machine gun emplacement, and I put two of them over.

Dash Into Canal.

"As there was nobody left, I retired the canal, ten of the Germans trying to scotch me, but I only got a tap in the back I dashed into the canal, which was about forty-six feet wide, and got safely to the other side, although the Germans were having a splosh at me. I thought that was no place for me, so I got off as quickly as possible. I reached the next division's headquarters, made a report, and then had a tot of how-do-you-do whisky. I saw one or two generals, who told me I was lucky to get out of it, and now I'm home on ten days leave."

Sergeant Cope before he returns to the front hopes to celebrate his escape by marrying a bonny London lass, who proudly hangs the sergeant's arm as he told of his deed.

PLOT HOLDERS ON SENTRY DUTY.

ALL-NIGHT VIGIL IN HAMILTON.

Hamilton, Saturday.

To-day the judges appointed by the Hamilton Town Council in connection with a competition initiated amongst over 10 allotment holders for the best-kept and most profitably cultivated plots in the burgh, made their first tour of inspection.

Something in the region of £30 or £40 has been earmarked as prize money, and the rivalry amongst the plot holders to secure the leading awards has been intense.

Members of the Town Council, accompanied by the judges—all of whom are practical gardeners—made a tour this afternoon of the potato breaks and cabbage patches in the Low Waters, Brent, Butterburn, Glebe and Silvertonhill areas.

Many of the plot holders followed the movements of the judges with the keenest anxiety, and the suppressed excitement which was felt can well be imagined when it is stated that, suspicious of threatened depredations by jealous rivals, quite a number of the amateur gardeners were on sentry-go patrol duty all night.

The all-night vigil of the enthusiasts has created a deal of merriment in the town, and should the zealous ones fail to secure a place in the prize list, which is to be announced later on, they will assuredly become the butt of much good-natured chaff and banter.

FATE OF H.M.S. DEFENCE

"No Mystery" Says Sir Frederick Hamilton.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

In St Giles Cathedral, Edinburgh, this afternoon, Admiral Sir Frederick Hamilton, Commander-in-Chief at Rosyth, unveiled a memorial brass to the memory of Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Keith Arbuthnot, who was killed while commanding the armoured cruiser squadron in the battle of Jutland.

Sir Frederick said there had been some mystery made about how Admiral Arbuthnot's flagship, the Defence, happened to be in the position in which she was.

As a matter of fact, there was no need for any mystery. The day was a thick one, and the speed of the ships was very great. An accident to machinery was soon repaired in a minute, and there were a thousand and one reasons how what happened might have happened. For instance, an enemy shell might have destroyed communications. They were sure, however, that whatever accident tended to bring a ship nearer the enemy, must have been peculiarly agreeable to Sir Robert Arbuthnot's heroic spirit.

ARBROATH FARMERS TO BECOME VOLUNTEERS.

Arbroath, Saturday

In connection with the movement to institute a Volunteer Corps in Arbroath district the military representatives held a conference this afternoon at Arbroath with farmers and employers, when a large number expressed their willingness to undergo a course of training with a view to attesting themselves to instruct the general body of Volunteers to be formed later on, and also to co-operate generally with the military in their endeavours to form a Volunteer Corps from amongst the rural community.

CHURCHILL AND HIS CRITICS.

NEW MUNITIONS MINISTER HAS LIVELY MEETING AT DUNDEE.

RUMBLERS AND SCOLDERS REBUKED —SPIRITED HECKLING.

Dundee, Saturday Night.

was evident from the commencement the crowded meeting addressed by the t Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P., at the aird Hall, Dundee, this afternoon, that r more than "a certain liveliness" d prevail.

Churchill, who, in view of his recent intment to the position of Minister of itions, came before his constituents in role of Parliamentary candidate, had been speaking a few minutes when the began, in the way of good-humoured jections.

Churchill had to pause on one occa- and laughingly remark, "It is hot!" h, of course, he referred to the ther. The new Minister spoke very gly about critics, who always looked at things which went wrong, and these re- s seemed to quieten the fiery members he audience, although more interjec- did come, and finally at question time Churchill had to "go over the top" to a real heckling bombardment, during there were real "whizz-bangs" in orm of some hard things said about him Mr J. Carnegie, a well-known Dundee alist, who got howled down at the finish, ally when he had to admit he was not ndee Parliamentary elector.

Churchill said that the question which had to answer that afternoon was— he done right in accepting this new ion, which he had undertaken because lt it was his duty? It was very natural there should be a certain amount of sition — (a voice, "Hear, hear,' and ter)—here and there—(renewed laugh- in certain quarters, amongst some of —he did not mean all of those—who been his life-long political opponents— nice, "And friends")—and he could understand that such views should find e expression.

His Heavy Burden in the Past.

had borne in the past very great re- ibility. In the early months of the at the outbreak, and in the years im- tely preceding it, scarcely anyone, ex- g Mr Asquith or Lord Edward Grey ers)—had a heavier burden to bear he had. From 1911, when the ir crisis brought him to the Admiralty, the day when the declaration of war, after a hundred years of peace, like in the night, found the navy ready d cheers)—and able to carry our army point where it saved the decisive in France—and after that, during arly months when these great difficul- nd perils of war were so novel and wn, down to the time when the seas swept clear of the enemy's flag—in all ime he might say without exaggeration tremendous weight and load was put re was always a proportion of people ry walk of life who liked to dwell on went wrong, and who invariably ig- whatever was achieved. They had a l habit of mind which led them to spontaneously and simply unpleasant of people and things, and even the l sincerity of their natures led them ress these views with great volubility d laughter). To hear such people you would suppose that this country n, and the Empire which had gathered it, had been governed since the be- g of the war by a series of incompe- and unworthy persons. (A voice, r, hear," and laughter.) "There is a proportion, I say," retorted Mr hill to the interrupter," in every class every gathering —(laughter)—who below the average level of mankind their fellow-countrymen, from patri- or inability." (Laughter.)

Grumblers and Scolders.

army at the moment, he declared, had ter power of offensive and attack than ther army engaged in the war. Our tions were standing every test, while re grumbling and scolding each other, dared say it was very healthy to have rumbling and scolding.

the rest of the world except our s were hushed in respect and in ad- on, and our enemies knew and testi- their hatred of the respect which less great than that felt for us by llies.

re were all sorts of people (he had respect for them) whose lives were full ious schemes of what they were going after the war, but he wanted to re- them that, without victory all will If this war does not end in victory, ends in what is called an inconclusive which leaves Germany stronger than s before, and quite impenitent under tocratic rulers—if this war comes to conclusion, then goodbye to all our of a better and brighter prospect for rld and for our country at its close. Without victory we have nothing us but ruin and strife. (Renewed)

Concentrate on the War.

efore he said to them—what he had office or out of it—concentrate all nergies upon the war; allow nothing ract your attention. We were fight- our lives. We were fighting to re- recious lives that had been given so in the public cause; to redeem them only way in which they could be re- —by making their sacrifice fruitful in so that the words "not in vain" be written above the battlefield graves of our gallant dead. (Cheers.) We had only to hold on until the United States could put through their whole weight into the struggle to make victory decisive and complete. (Cheers.)

Meanwhile the burden was on Britain. We were the heart and centre of a league of nations. If we failed, all failed! if we broke, all broke. If ever there was a time when Britain should be a rock, it was now, and in the months that lay immediately before us our dangers were great, but our opportunity was incomparable. Among all our Allies in the old world we were the least exhausted; among our new Allies in the new world we were the most experienced.

"We did not ask a contest in Dundee," said Mr Churchill, but we do not fear one. If a contest should be wantonly forced upon us, I must leave its main conduct in your hands. Your task will be to defend the Dundee front. (Laughter, and a voice, "What about the sugar?") You will hold the line of the Tay, and you will hold it against all comers; and I shall leave it in your charge with the confidence with which any general in France would leave an all-important sector of the front-line trenches in charge of a battalion of the Black Watch. (Cheers.)

UPROAR DURING HECKLING.

The first question asked Mr Churchill was for the names of those who were responsible for the degradation of British soldiers who refused to salute German officers at Donnington Hall and elsewhere.

Mr Churchill—Having promised that before the war began prisoners would be treated in a certain way we shall adhere to our engagements, although in every case our opponents have not adhered to their engagements.

Mr John Carnegie created considerable uproar when he asked the following question:—Seeing that Mr Churchill spoke of his life-long opponents; and as he was in the first half of his life a Tory and in the second a Liberal, and is now a member of "The Blessed Trinity" which is governing the country—(loud laughter)—I ask him who his life-long opponents were?

Mr Churchill—I withdraw the word life-long. My political record is no secret, and I have very frequently given reasons for the course which I have adopted. I should have said "Those who have for so many years been my bitter political opponents." (Renewed laughter.)

Prohibition and State Purchase.

The Rev. Thomas Templeton—Will the right honourable gentleman give us his views on the prohibition of liquor and State purchase?

Mr Churchill—I am not prepared to support prohibition at the present time. With regard to what is called State Purchase of the Liquor Traffic I am not opposed to the principle of that, but the Scottish case is entirely different from the English case, and I shall not support any legislation which, in my opinion, weakens the rights of the public and the interests of temperance as established in the Scottish Licensing Acts.

Mr Churchill, in reply to general and other questions, said that he could not give an answer upon the question of dilution of labour now because he was going to study the matter. In regard to unfit men in the army, he said that it was on his responsibility that the Government exempted wounded soldiers who had been discharged.

Increase in Soldiers' Pay.

A discharged soldier put the following question:—Is Mr Churchill in favour of the 200 per cent. increase in the pay of soldiers?

Mr Churchill—No, not as at present advised. I have not considered this matter, which has only been put forward in the last few weeks. The matter is one which requires the consideration of Parliament. I have no idea what the effect would be on the finances of the country.

Sir George Ritchie then moved a resolution supporting Mr Churchill.

Mr John Carnegie immediately rose in the body of the hall to propose an amendment, and began as follows:—Considering the extraordinary mess the Right Honourable gentleman has made—(Uproar.)

The Lord Provost, who presided—Would you kindly table your amendment? (A voice —"He will monopolise the meeting all night if you let him. He's a gas-bag."—Laughter.)

Mr Carnegie moved that Mr Churchill was not a fit and proper person to represent the constituency. (Cheers and loud laughter.) He went on to say that this Government was made up of incompetents. The greatest amongst them was the right honourable gentleman who was seeking election. His record at Antwerp was condemnation enough. ("Oh, oh!" and cries of "Sit down!" and a voice—"Hey, Jeck, hoo did ye no' gae wi' him?" Great laughter.)

The Gallipoli "Gamble."

Amid growing interruption Mr Carnegie endeavoured to speak, and referred to the Gallipoli revelations, which Mr Churchill, he said, had described as "a legitimate war gamble." He reminded the audience that twenty-five months ago Mr Churchill prophesied when in Dundee that we were within a few miles of victory such as we had never seen before. (A voice—"So we were. Get down and get out of it!" Renewed laughter.)

During the constant interruption Sir George Ritchie happened to speak to Mr Churchill, whereupon Mr Carnegie called out—"Let him alane, Geordie!" (Loud laughter.)

Mr J. M. Nairn asked Mr Carnegie from the platform if he was an elector of Dundee.

Mr Carnegie—I am an elector of Dundee, and have been in the Town Council.

The Lord Provost—Are you a Parliamentary elector at the present time?

Mr Carnegie smilingly admitted that he was not a Parliamentary elector, and retired to his seat amidst loud applause and a voice, "That finishes it."

The resolution of confidence was then put to the meeting, and carried with acclamation.

Mr Churchill, who was accompanied by Mrs Churchill, left Dundee for the South this evening.

GLASGOW GIRL'S PARENTAGE.

ROMANCE OF ADOPTED BABY.

FIRST SAW MOTHER WHEN ELEVEN.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

An interesting story was unfolded before Lord Ormidale as to how a child adopted at birth by a stranger was brought to a knowledge of her parents.

The pursuer, Esne Mollison M'Farlane or M'Kee, twenty-one years of age, and the wife of a miner residing at 84 Chapel Street, Airdrie, sought the Court to declare that she was the legitimate daughter of Catherine M'Farlane Borrowman or Templeton and the late Robert Fraser Templeton, 19 Govanhill Street, Glasgow.

Mrs M'Kee said that she was brought up by Mrs Mollison, Airdrie, and first saw Mrs Templeton when she was about eleven. In 1907 she went to Troon with Mrs Templeton, who was then Miss Borrowman, and she was there visited by Templeton. She had also been to Kilmaurs with them and the Glasgow Exhibition of 1911. Mr Templeton frequently gave her little presents. She had been to see Mr Templeton in Glasgow. She was married in 1913.

Mrs Templeton, in the course of her evidence, said that while living in Govanhill Street she made the acquaintance of Templeton, and the pursuer was born in September, 1895. Templeton admitted the paternity in a document signed by witnesses. From that time until 1905 she never saw Templeton, as she took a situation in Edinburgh. Subsequently they met frequently. Her aunt told her where the child was, and she went to Airdrie and found Mrs Mollison. She took Templeton to see the child, and the three of them went various places together. She was married to Templeton in January, 1915, by declaration. He died soon afterwards, and she brought an action in the Court of Session and was declared to be his wife.

Mrs Mollison narrated how she adopted the child at birth and brought her up, and after further evidence his Lordship granted decree as sought.

STIRLING COUNTY CRICKETER

Fined as a C.O.

Stirling, Saturday.

Yesterday forenoon at Stirling Police Court Frank Crockart, a leading member of Stirling Independent Labour Party, and prior to the war a playing member of Stirling County Cricket Club, was fined 40s and handed over to a military escort for failing to report at Stirling Castle when called to the colours.

Crockart said he was a conscientious objector, and as a student of Tolstoi and other writers for twelve years held the opinion that all war was immoral and against the teaching of Christianity. That he held these views conscientiously could be testified by George Mailer and James W. Ferguson, two of his colleagues in the County Cricket team, although their opinions were diametrically opposed to his. He contended that the Burgh Tribunal and the Appeal Tribunal had disregarded their instructions regarding the rights of conscientious objectors, and were the cause of his appearing before the Magistrate. He could not be a party to the military demands under which deeds had to be done that were both barbarous and cruel.

The presiding Magistrate said he had nothing to do with these points, which were for the military to decide.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT IN ABERDEEN.

Aberdeen, Saturday Night.

Two serious cases of accidents were admitted to Aberdeen Royal Infirmary this evening. One was that of George Reid Hunter, seventy years of age, retired settmaker, 564 Great Northern Road, Aberdeen, who was found lying in bed with the bedclothes afire, and his left side and head severely burned. He also suffered from shock, and was in a very critical condition.

The other case was that of Donald Mackay Hunter, a seven-year-old boy, who was knocked down by a taxicab at Bridge of Dee, the wheels passing over his body and head. He also is in a very serious condition.

MR CHURCHILL'S SPRINT FOR HIS TRAIN.

Edinburgh, Saturday Night.

Mr Churchill almost lost his train, the 9.45 Midland express, at Waverley Station, Edinburgh, to-night, wires a correspondent. He arrived just on time, battled his way through the crowd at the barricade entrance, and did an exciting sprint backward and forward on the platform, looking for his compartment. In desperation he tried third-class and first-class carriages in turn, but all were locked. Flags were waving and whistles blowing, and still he was on the platform. Eventually, however, he was bundled into the train. The right hon. gentleman had been recognised by the crowd, who raised a rousing cheer as the train sped away.

D.C.M. HERO HIDES IN CHEST.

CAPTURED BELOW THE BED.

KIRKCALDY MAN'S STRANGE CONDUCT.

Kirkcaldy, Saturday Night.

An extraordinary incident, in which the holder of a D.C.M. was the leading figure, has occurred in Kirkcaldy.

Since the month of April the Kirkcaldy police have been searching for an army deserter, Corporal James Hay, Black Watch, who they were convinced was in hiding in the town, and he had several times eluded their grasp. His relatives in Hill Place were visited periodically, and their houses searched, but in vain.

The police made another search through the tenement yesterday, but again drew a blank, and were descending the stair when they overheard a remark about a "kist."

It flashed across the policemen's minds that one of the rooms held several large clothes chests, and they promptly turned and dashed upstairs again, only, however to find the chests empty.

One of the officers then chanced to look underneath a bed, and there he found the missing corporal. Thinking the policemen had gone, he had left his cramped hiding-place in the chest, but their sudden return had compelled him to seek refuge underneath the bed.

To-day the prisoner, in khaki and wearing the D.C.M. ribbon on his breast, appeared at the Police Court on a charge of being an absentee. He was remanded to await a military escort.

Hay, who has expressed his determination not to go back to France, is one of five soldier brothers, one of whom has been killed and all the others wounded.

GLASGOW'S FAIR HOLIDAY ENDS.

THE TREK HOMEWARDS —BUSY SCENES AT CITY STATIONS.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

The brief holiday of the toiling artizans of the Second City has passed all too quickly, but the sunburnt faces of the crowds which arrived in the city this afternoon and evening told of a glorious week.

Never, perhaps, were city holiday-makers more loathe to leave the sunshine and sea breezes as they were to-day; indeed, the continued brilliant weather must have determined quite a number on arranging to stay over the week-end, seeing that the works do not resume till Tuesday. At anyrate, although over thirty extra trains from Ayr and Largs way were run to the city to-day, the officials at St Enoch's to-night stated that the home-arriving crowds were not as great as they had expected.

From Wemyss Bay the Rothesay sojourners filled fourteen specials which were run to the Central between noon and ten o'clock in the evening. There was also a big traffic inwards from the North and from the East Coast at Queen Street and Buchanan Street staions, and his was quickly added to by the Dundee holidays, many of the travellers from the jute city passing through Glasgow on their way to Dunoon and other coast places.

The day was a busy one at the Glasgow railway termini, but Monday will be the big day with returning holiday-makers.

LABOUR PARTY AND BOUNDARY COMMISSIONERS.

Heart Cut Out of Midlothian.

Falkirk, Saturday.

At a conference held in Falkirk to-day, under the auspices of the Labour Party, to consider the proposals of the Boundary Commissioners respecting the reallocation of Parliamentary areas, Mr William Watson, miners' secretary, said unless the Labour party became active the constituencies would be so formed as to make it absolutely impossible, or next to impossible, for the Labour party to fight on equal terms. In place of the Falkirk Burghs the proposal was now to have the Stirling Burghs, consisting of Stirling, Falkirk, and Grangemouth, which had a population of 64,000 in 1914, and since then the numbers had been growing, along with Bo'ness. Why the Commissioners should bring in Bo'ness with 10,000 of a population was what he could not understand. He suggested that the conference agree to a representation being made to the Boundary Commissioners to have Bo'ness taken out of this arrangement for the Stirling Burghs, and placed in Linlithgowshire, and that Linlithgow should be kept intact, with the exception of the three parishes of Dalmeny, Kirkliston, and Uphall. He was certain that Midlothian would not allow itself to be cut up in the way suggested.

ALEXANDRIA MINISTER FOR YORKSHIRE.

Alexandria, Saturday.

It was intimated at Alexandria to-day that the Rev. Ronald Huntley Sutch, B.A., rector of the St Mungo Episcopal Church, Alexandria, had received and accepted a unanimous call to be vicar of St Saviours Episcopal Church, Ravensthorpe, Yorkshire.

The Rev. Mr Sutch was for two years in Glasgow, being curate of St Paul's and Parkhead.

He is a native of Yorkshire, and was educated at the Merton College, Oxford, taking his theological course at the Mirfield Theological College, Yorkshire.

The Rev. David Smith, St Ninian's South U.F. Church, Stirling, has received official intimation that his son, Lieutenant Sidney Smith, R.F.A., has been dangerously wounded in France.

YESTERDAY AT THE COAST.

HOLIDAY CROWDS FROM EDINBURGH AND DUNDEE.

The hours of sunshine yesterday at various resorts were recorded as follows:—

Aberdeen—16—Bright.	Leven—12.15—Bright.
Arbroath—9.	Montrose—11—Fine.
Ayr—15—Bright.	Nairn—12.5—Fine.
Banff—12.1—Fine.	Oban—11.7—Fine.
Carnoustie—13—Fine.	Rothesay—16.30—Fine.
Duncon—16—Bright.	Southport—11.5—Fine.
Harrogate—9.6—Fine.	Stonehaven—12—Fine.

* * *

Brilliant sunshine prevailed at Portobello, the promenade, and sea front being a moving mass of pleasure-seekers. Glasgow holiday-makers are now being largely replaced by Edinburgh Trades holiday-makers.

* * *

Continuous sunshine prevailed at Dunoon yesterday. The town presented an animated appearance, the throngs being augmented by house-hunters for August, principally Paisley folks, who offered fancy prices to the Dunoon landladies.

Lindsay and Harte, with their Glasgow revue, "Bachles," drew large crowds to the Pavilion, and a competition for the best rendering of their song, "Ru'glen's Wee Roon' Red Lums," created great interest. The leading prizes were won by James Scholes, Dunoon, and Mary Shannon, Glasgow.

* * *

The Fair holidays at Ayr are closing in a blaze of sunshine, the heat yesterday being terrific. Thousands were reluctantly trekking citywards yesterday sunburnt and greatly refreshed. With the exception of one wet day, the holiday-makers have had no cause to grumble at the weather.

It is estimated that over 60,000 visitors were in residence in the Ayr district during the Fair week, and the excellent behaviour of the crowds has been conspicuous. For the week ended on Friday the tramway drawings have exceeded £1300.

* * *

Yesterday was the warmest day of the summer at Rothesay, the sun shining continuously all day. Many holiday-makers have returned home in the last few days, but with the large numbers of new arrivals there seems no lessening of the crowd. There has been a great demand on boating and driving, anything which can float or run on wheels having been pressed into service.

* * *

Largs was quite as busy yesterday as it was on the previous Saturday, and the holiday-makers enjoyed splendid weather. A flag day on behalf of Y.M.C.A. war work took place, and yielded satisfactory results.

* * *

An outstanding attraction of Gourock yesterday was the swimming gala at the open-air pond in aid of the Red Cross Funds. There was an attendance of several thousands, and the gathering was a pronounced success. Soldiers figured prominently among the competitors.

* * *

Many disappointed visitors to Irivne yesterday, who had expected to secure quarters on their arrival, had to return home, as the town was full up. Arrangements have been made for the holding of Red Cross sports at Fullarton House.

* * *

Yesterday was one of the finest days at Balloch and Loch Lomondside since the Fair holidays commenced. The short cruises on the Loch Lomond steamers from Balloch pier round the island of Inch Murrian were again well patronised, the same remark applying to the short cruises in the motor launches from Balloch.

* * *

The popularity of Thrums as a holiday resort was again evidenced in the great number of visitors arriving at Kirriemuir yesterday. The forenoon train from Dundee had to be twice duplicated. Last night the Town Band discoursed music on the High Street, which was thronged with holiday-makers.

* * *

Visitors at Girvan, besides enjoying their holiday, are doing their bit for the Red Cross. A series of competitions for this good object have been carried through at the bowling greens during last week.

A singing competition at the bandstand unexpectedly produced £5 10s for the same fund.

* * *

Yesterday was brilliant at Aberdeen. Many visitors were attracted to Banchory House grounds, the residence of Sir David and Lady Stewart, where Miss Mabel Stewart had organised a fete in aid of the Palestine Relief Fund. Another attraction was the Red Cross ambulance train.

The influx of Dundee visitors to Montrose yesterday was probably the greatest on record.

* * *

Dundee holiday-makers arrived yesterday in Pitlochry in considerable numbers, and last night the streets presented an animated aspect, something akin to pre-war time. Apartments have been practically all taken up for the week, which is recorded as the busiest of the season.

* * *

There was again a large influx of visitors to Arbroath for the week-end, principally from Dundee.

On the golf course yesterday afternoon a series of golfing competitions, including driving, pitching, and putting, took place in aid of the funds for wounded soldiers. The principal prize-winners were:—Driving—1 George Morrison, 2 A. Craig. Soldiers' Putting Competition—Sergeant Smith. Ladies Putting Competition—Mrs John Guild.

* * *

Leven is still thronged with visitors, and yesterday special trains were despatched carrying Glasgow folks to their homes, but the arrivals were more numerous than the departures. Large contingents of holiday-makers have arrived from Edinburgh and Dundee.

* * *

The large numbers of visitors who are holidaying in Stonehaven this week-end experienced splendid weather yesterday. Among the attractions in the district yesterday was a garden party at St Leonard's Hospital, when £150 was realised for the Red Cross.

THE LIFE STORY OF THE EX-CROWN PRINCESS OF SAXONY

Told by Herself and Related by WILLIAM LE QUEUX

PRINCE ERNEST HEINRICH OF SAXONY, son of the ex-Crown Princess.

PRINCESS MARGUERITE, daughter of the ex-Crown Princess.

The ex-Crown Princess of Saxony, daughter of Ferdinand IV., Grand Duke of Tuscany, married Frederick August, formerly Crown Prince, and now King of Saxony. In this exclusive series she tells of her unhappy life in the German Court, and how she was forced to leave her home, husband, and children.

KING ALBERT was dead! I had lost my best friend at the Court of Saxony.

The news came to me over the telephone from Sibyllenort, in Silesia. My father-in-law had become King, and consequently I was Crown Princess. Instantly all was bustle and confusion on that summer's day in 1902, and with Frederick August and his brother John George I left for Breslau. The journey proved a trying one, the sleeping-car rolled and ground along, and I arrived next morning utterly worn out.

We found the dead King lying in state in a peaceful rose-scented chamber, while at the foot of the bed Queen Carola knelt on a prie-Dieu a bowed, grief-stricken figure. I stood for a moment, and then passed into an adjoining room.

What a different scene! My father-in-law, a coarsely-spoken man, was seated at breakfast with his excited family. The bell was being continuously rung for the flunkeys, who entered and, bowing, addressed him as "Your Majesty." Baron von Metzsch, the unscrupulous spy, was the most fawning of all. "Your Majesty, this," and "Your Majesty, that," he kept on exclaiming as he bustled about giving orders for the funeral, which was to take place in Dresden.

Both he and his Royal master filled me with disgust, for even as we sat at table close to the death chamber my father-in-law bluntly declared that he had waited long enough to become King of Saxony, and expressed the most complete satisfaction that at last the longed-for event had happened.

As I came from the room where the sordid quarrel over money was in progress I met the old Grand Marshal of the Court, Count von Lauter, who had always showed me considerable friendliness. He halted in the corridor, and bending to me whispered in a low voice—

"Imperial Highness! This is indeed a sad event for you—as for us all. We know that the new King has expressed hatred of you, so beware! And if you ever require a friend you have one in myself. Please remember that!"

And the old courtier bowed as I thanked him—aye, thanked him from the bottom of my heart.

Alas, I had but few friends except my husband, surrounded as I was on all hands by those whose set intention it was to carry out the dastardly plot engineered from Potsdam.

The Kaiser on the Scene Again.

Back to Dresden we went, the Royal Family appearing in public as a sorrowful throng, while in private they quarrelled and called each other hard names, half of them not being on speaking terms with the other half. To Dresden came the Emperor William with the Empress to attend the obsequies, and it fell to my lot to go with King George to the station to meet the Imperial pair.

I was cheered wildly by the people who called me "our Louisa," and this caused my father-in-law most terrible wrath; indeed, he was hardly civil to the Emperor when he alighted. What irony of Fate that I should be called upon to welcome to Dresden the monarch who had openly expressed his intention to cast me out!

"I always believed that you and Frederick-August were as happy as any pair in Europe," he said on one occasion.

"We are very happy," I replied. "It is the family with all their petty jealousies and ridiculous ideas of royal dignity which grates upon my nerves."

"Ah, my dear Louisa," laughed the Emperor, pulling out one of his rank cigars and lighting it. "You are far too highly strung. Take my advice, and do not make any further bid for popular favour."

"I make no bid for it!" was my hasty retort. "I love the people, and I do whatever I can for their benefit."

"It is not your place as Crown Princess to love the people, as you term it," was the Kaiser's sarcastic reply. "The Saxons must be ruled, not pampered. I heard the other day how you left the dinner-table here to go and nurse a sick child who was asking for you in one of your pet hospitals. It was undignified. You should have sent one of your women."

"Ah! I suppose somebody spied upon me!" I remarked angrily. "I am surrounded by tale-bearers and liars!"

At this His Majesty grew furious, and, growling some words beneath his breath, strode out of the room. My mention of spies was made purposely, for I meant to show the Kaiser that I was fully aware that his favourite von Metzsch was spying upon me, and that I knew that His Majesty's proffered friendliness was a mere pretence.

At the several private conferences with my father-in-law I felt certain that my future was discussed. Curiously enough, however, Baron von Metzsch evinced a sudden and mysterious kindliness towards me. Why, I knew not. I detested him, but was careful never to exhibit any ill-will. That he was full of low cunning I knew quite well, and it was clearly shown by an incident which occurred during that visit of the Emperor's.

We had all been to service at the chapel of the palace in the Zinzendorf-strasse, and on our return I was alone in my own apartment when the Baron entered and commenced to chat.

Von Metzsch Tries to Trap Me.

"I shall be very glad when the Emperor leaves!" he sighed wearily. "He goes back to Berlin to-night at eight. Between ourselves, His Majesty entertains no respect for any of us here—do you think so? Did you notice what he said at dinner last night?"

"No," I replied carelessly.

"Well, Imperial Highness, one thing is quite plain. His Majesty is your enemy. He is not acting properly towards you."

I looked the Minister of the Household full in the face. Why should he, of all men—the catspaw of the Emperor—tell me that?

Next moment I realised the reason. He was posing as my friend in the hope that I might blurt forth my own opinion of His Majesty, which would at once reach the latter's ears.

I was, however, a little too wary, and dismissed his remarks unconcernedly.

The Emperor left without deigning even to reply to my words of farewell. He simply glared at me, and took no heed. Von Metzsch noticed this attitude, and exchanged glances with me.

I remember how on that night I went softly to the room wherein my two little daughters, "Ethie" (Margaret) and "Riali" (Maria-Alix) were sleeping so sweetly, and, casting myself down beside their bed, I cried my eyes out.

From the day of the Emperor's return to Berlin, when I had fenced with his spy, von Metzsch, the fellow became quite insolent towards me. Frequently he ignored me, and when compelled to acknowledge my presence he did so with such bad grace that everyone wondered.

As time went on I began to realise how closely I was being watched, and the degree of hatred with which I was regarded by my father-in-law, King George, and his family. My life was made unbearable by everybody until of a sudden I found a perfect treasure and a true friend in Frau von Fritsch, whom I appointed my lady-of-the-bed-chamber.

The daughter of the ex-Minister for Foreign Affairs of Saxony, she had married Herr von Fritsch, who had for some time served as Assistant Director of the Finances of the Kingdom, and we had first met when she had called at the palace to see me concerning a new creche which I was establishing.

I found her to be a very bright and intelligent woman, and after an hour's gossip over the teacups I had become much attracted by her. She spoke Italian well, she was musical, and we found we had much in common.

In consequence I invited her to see me many times, and at length, after consultation with my husband, I suggested to her the office of lady-of-the-bedchamber.

At last I had secured at least one woman friend, for my lady-in-waiting, Elisa von Ende, had now married and left me, and Frau von Reitzenstein, my lady-of-the-bedchamber, had unfortunately died while on a visit to the Riviera.

Unceasing Persecution Against Me.

One day about six months after Frau von Fritsch's appointment I became aware of the nature of the unceasing persecution directed against me. I was in the habit of visiting the small hospital in the Fürsten-Platz, taking the patients a few comforts, and sometimes assisting in the dressings. The medical director was named Rohde, a tall, good-looking doctor of considerable distinction, and a bachelor. Naturally he felt himself honoured that I should visit the institution over which he presided, and he always treated me with the profoundest respect.

Sometimes I would take tea in his room together with the matron, and upon the occasion in question I had taken to the hospital a large bunch of pink carnations and given them to the matron for her room. I was deeply interested in hospital work, and it never occurred to me that my constant visits there would be misconstrued.

That night, however, after dinner the King called me aside and said—

"Louisa, I fear that you entertain but little respect either for yourself or for our Royal House."

"What do you mean?" I asked, looking at him in astonishment.

"You surely know that your association with that Dr Rohde is a subject of common gossip!" he said bluntly. "You go there to meet him daily."

"Go there to meet him!" I cried. "Your suggestion is infamous!"

"Oh! Then how is it that only to-day you took him a bouquet of carnations, which at this moment adorns the table of his private room?"

"On his table," I echoed. "How do you know?"

"I have been informed."

"By those whom you and your creature, von Metzsch, have placed to spy upon my movements!" I burst forth angrily.

"As I have already said, your insinuation is a vile one, and I shall go and inform my husband at once. Such an allegation is both uncalled for and an insult!"

"Go and tell him," the King replied, with an evil smile. "Your flowers are still on your pet doctor's table!"

"He is only an acquaintance," I declared resentfully. "He is not even a friend."

"Ah, of course! Those daily outings in the interests of the people serve as an excellent cloak for clandestine meetings," he said grossly.

"How dare you say so?" I cried in anger. "Your spies are lying to you, and I will take my husband to the hospital and will face him with the man whom you are trying to link my name."

"There is no reason to create a public scandal," he said, for I think he realised that he had gone too far. Besides, he knew me well enough to be aware that when I expressed an intention I always carried it out.

"But you have made a direct allegation against me," I went on. "I will compel your spy, whoever he is, to prove the truth of his report."

I found Frederick August, and in tears told him of what his father had said.

He stroked my hair and comforted me. But in desperation I told him that the strain of that life of intrigue was telling upon me, and that I could endure it no longer.

"You must, Louisa!" he said very kindly but firmly. "For the sake of the children you must remain here in Dresden."

"And be persecuted like this? Never!" I sobbed. "It is cruel of them. Every word, every action, every friendship of mine are all turned against me, misconstrued into one or other of the peccadilloes of the Hapsburgs, while at the same time they are trying to make out that my mind is becoming unhinged. I see it all," I cried in my despair. "They are endeavouring to drive me to desperation, and then to confine me in an asylum as one not responsible for her actions! That is the Kaiser's order—without a doubt."

"No, no," he assured me, good kind husband that he was. "No, Louisa, be brave," he urged, kissing me fondly. "I agree that such an insinuation as that made by the King is outrageous. But dismiss it. Do not go again to the hospital."

THE KING OF SAXONY AND THE EX-CROWN PRINCESS, WITH ONE OF THEIR CHILDREN, BEFORE THE PRINCESS WAS FORCED TO LEAVE THE COURT.

"If I refrain from doing so all at Court will declare what the King has said to be the truth!" I exclaimed. "No. I will send Frau von Fritsch to bring the matron here and question her before the King."

"I would not," he urged. "The public will then hear of it, and there will be ugly rumours. They will say that you and I have quarrelled."

"But am I to remain utterly defenceless?" I asked blankly.

"I should treat the affair with the contempt it deserves," was his reply.

"But who is the spy? He is, no doubt, employed by von Metzsch, who is trying thus to blacken my character and to part us."

"His identity we must discover. But in order to do so we must remain patient," my husband argued.

"Very well," I said. "But to-morrow I shall go again to the hospital and ascertain whether it is really true that the flowers are upon the doctor's table. If I refrain from going there it will look like an admission of guilt."

An Anonymous Letter.

Next afternoon I went, and there, sure enough, were the flowers upon Dr Rohde's table! Inquiry of the matron revealed that on the previous evening the carnations I had given her had been mysteriously taken from her room, and not until next day did she find them in the sitting-room occupied by the doctor.

Ten minutes later the doctor came from the operating theatre, and in a state of great agitation asked me to accompany him back to his room. I did so, and at once questioned him about the flowers.

"I know nothing, your Imperial Highness," was his reply. "I found them here at nine o'clock last night, and believed that the matron or one of the nurses had been in and left them for me, knowing me to be fond of flowers."

Then, pausing, he drew from the pocket of his linen coat a letter, saying—

"This I received this morning. It is anonymous. I wonder if you recognise the handwriting. You may read it!"

I did so. It was a vile letter, suggesting exactly what the King insinuated, namely, that I had made my visits to the hospital a cloak beneath which I was in the habit of meeting him clandestinely.

"In the circumstances," the mysterious letter concluded, "it would please His Majesty if you resigned your appointment and left Dresden, by which means a public scandal will be averted."

The Mystery of the Handwriting.

I examined the handwriting. It was a woman's, and, though evidently disguised, the capital "A's" were strangely like Frau von Fritsch's! But that could not be possible, I reflected. She was my dearest and warmest friend, so I dismissed the thought.

"I cannot remain here in Dresden after this," the doctor said frankly. "To do so would be only to compromise your Imperial Highness. I have, therefore, already sent in my resignation to the Governors, and I shall leave Dresden to-night—for family reasons, I have explained."

"You are surely not going?" I gasped.

"I unfortunately must," was his calm reply. "Your Highness has a secret enemy somewhere here—in this institution—and it was that enemy's hand which changed the flowers from the matron's room to my own!"

Then I briefly related to the unfortunate young hospital director what His Majesty had insinuated, and how I had later on told my husband.

"Ah!" he said. "Then the same person who changed the flowers sent word direct to the King, it seems. Have you no suspicion of whom it can be?"

"Not in the least," I replied, and then I pressed him to reconsider his decision. But he was obdurate.

"No. If I remained after this it would only lend colour to the suggestion. Therefore it is best that I should leave Saxony." And he did so that night.

The result, however, was the same. The rumour went through the Court that Dr Rohde and I were on terms of intimate friendship, that we had been too frequently in each other's company, and that the King having obtained knowledge of it the doctor had made himself scarce.

The report was sent by von Metzsch to the Emperor, for the latter wrote me from the Imperial yacht—for he was cruising in Norwegian waters at the time—a letter in which he deplored that my actions "were of such a character as to create a scandal."

The unfortunate part of the affair was that Dr Rohde on arrival in Brussels wrote to me a perfectly innocent letter regretting that he had been compelled to leave Dresden in such circumstances, and that spies had watched our movements. This letter was undoubtedly opened by one of von Metzsch's confederates before being delivered to me, for, as I afterwards discovered, a copy of it was duly sent to the Emperor.

That was the first of many attempts equally dastardly made against me by the unscrupulous persons by whom I was surrounded, all of them acting in unison to secure my downfall.

A Very Unexpected Discovery.

All my troubles I confided to my friend and lady-of-the-bedchamber, Frau von Fritsch, until one day an incident occurred which puzzled me considerably.

I chanced to be passing through the King's private apartments when, to my surprise, I found her seated with him chatting in a most friendly and confidential manner.

My sudden appearance seemed to surprise and annoy them both, but I pretended to take no notice and left the room. It struck me as very strange that if Frau von Fritsch was on such intimate terms with His Majesty she had never mentioned it to me.

When listening to my stories of persecution and how constantly I was being spied upon, she was in the habit of commenting adversely upon the King. She had declared that his conduct towards me was heartless and disgraceful. One evening—indeed, the evening when I had told her of His Majesty's insinuations regarding Dr Rohde—she had become furious and exclaimed—

"His Majesty is a perfect brute. I hate the very sight of him!"

On fully a dozen occasions she had expressed the greatest contempt for both von Metzsch and the King, therefore it was distinctly curious that I should discover her to be on friendly and confidential terms with the latter.

When I met her again a few hours later I mentioned her visit to His Majesty.

Her countenance changed slightly as she replied—

"Oh, yes. The King called me to inquire into the newly-founded Härtig Institute for Girls, of which I am one of the patronesses. I have induced him to [illegible] his patronage, and to subscribe."

I made no comment. The familiar manner in which they were conversing hardly bore out her story, which to me seemed an extremely lame one.

After much reflection I decided to [illegible] the advice of old Count von Lauter, Grand-Marshal.

As the courtly old gentleman sat in my room I revealed to him in confidence the curious discovery I had made, whereupon he replied—

"Of course, the truth has been hidden from your Imperial Highness."

"The truth of what?"

"Of Frau von Fritsch's friendship for His Majesty," he said. "She was a friend of the days of his youth!"

I sat gazing at him aghast.

"I had no idea of that!" I gasped. "She has been my friend and confidante for nearly three years."

"Then whatever your Imperial Highness has told her she has, no doubt, repeated to His Majesty," replied the Count. "It seems to me it seems that she has been placed in your household purposely to watch and report upon your actions."

"Surely that cannot be so!" I cried in despair. "Have I no friend — not a single friend in all the world?"

"Your Imperial Highness has a sincere friend in myself," said the dear old gentleman. "I am always yours to command."

"But why did you not warn me?" I asked.

"Because your Imperial Highness appointed Frau von Fritsch yourself," he answered. "It was not for me to make comment upon it."

"She came to me as a stranger. I did not know she was a friend of the King until yesterday."

"Yes," said the Count. "She certainly has kept her secret well."

Such deep cunning I had never suspected. The woman von Fritsch had been my most intimate friend. Hence I had told her everything. I had held no secrets back from her, and time after time had gone to her for sympathy and advice. Was it possible that advice she had given me was always against my own interests? Was it possible that she had induced me to play always into the hands of my bitter and relentless enemies?

An hour later she came to my boudoir to discuss some matters concerning the creche I had founded. She smiled and fawned upon me as usual, and began to tell me a tit-bit of Court gossip.

Proof That a "Trusted Friend" was a Spy.

The inclination was strong within me to demand the truth from this woman who was posing as my friend while at the same time she was keeping up relations with my enemies. But I restrained myself, and the pretence of ignorance treated her exactly as before.

Indeed, I complained to her of the King's insulting remarks while we were together in the Royal box at the opera on the previous night. The tenor in whom I had interested myself in perfect innocence had stepped upon the stage and began to sing a passionate song. As he did so he turned to our box and towards us made gesticulations of love.

"There you are, Louisa!" laughed my father-in-law coarsely. "He is singing that song to you. The people can see through it. I declare it to be disgraceful."

I told Frau von Fritsch this, whereupon she grew highly indignant and said—

"The King grows more hateful every day!"

"What would he think if he heard you say that, I wonder?" I said mischievously, watching her countenance at the same time.

"Well, your Highness, it is true, is it not?" she said after a pause.

"I think so," I said. "But your opinion is interesting."

After that I resolved to test the woman's loyalty to myself, and if I proved her to be an enemy to fight her with her own weapons.

On the following day I sat down to write a letter to an imaginary person at a table when I knew the woman von Fritsch would come in.

When she came I hurriedly covered up as though in confusion, so that she might not look over my shoulder, and covered opening a drawer in the escritoire placed the unfinished within, turning the key in the lock and leaving it there.

I saw that she had noticed my suspicious action, and I sent her with a message to the head nurse.

Then I proceeded to carry out a trick which I had invented. I went to the [illegible] and rubbed upon it a little pencil-dust which I had obtained from the chemist. Afterwards I left the room, and did not see the woman again for an hour.

When we met the thumb and first two fingers of her right hand were deeply stained jet black!

Then I knew that even my most trusted friend was a spy of Potsdam!

NEXT WEEK.—The ex-Crown Princess will continue her amazing story of her persecution at the Kaiser's hands.

(Copyright in the United States of America by William Le Queux.)

AIRDRIE MINISTER SUED

FOR £250 DAMAGES FOR ALLEGED BREACH OF PROMISE.

PARSON'S ENDEARING LETTERS TO KIRRIEMUIR YOUNG LADY.

Airdrie, Saturday.

The record has been closed in an action raised in Airdrie Sheriff Court by Miss Jessie Stewart Robbie, residing at Gella, Cortachy, Kirriemuir, against the Rev. George Auchterlonie Hardie, minister of the Park Congregational Church, Stanley House, Airdrie, for £250 damages for alleged breach of promise of marriage.

The pursuer in her condescendence states that she is thirty-one years of age, and at present resides with her father, who is a farmer at Gella, Cortachy, Kirriemuir. The defender is minister of the Park Congregational Church, Airdrie.

From May, 1910, to July, 1914, the pursuer was employed as a laundrymaid with Sir William Younger at Mount Melvin, St Andrews. On or about the month of March, 1912, the defender was appointed minister of the Congregational Church at St Andrews, and remained there until about 30th September, 1916, when he removed to his present church in Airdrie.

The pursuer attended the Congregational Church at St Andrews, and shortly after defender was appointed he became acquainted with pursuer, and began, it is averred, to pay her attention. Pursuer states that defender accompanied her home to Mount Melvin on the Sunday evenings after the evening service, and visited her at Mount Melvin during the week.

Pursuer alleges that on or about July, 1913, defender, after accompanying her home to Mount Melvin, asked her if she was prepared to marry him. The defender having won the affection and respect of the pursuer, she accepted his offer, and it was arranged that as soon as he received another appointment they would get married.

After the Evening Service.

Thereafter, it is stated, the defender visited and kept company with the pursuer on an average twice each week, usually on Wednesday and Friday, and he regularly accompanied her home to Mount Melvin on the Sunday evenings after the evening service. It was generally known among the members of the congregation in St Andrews that defender and pursuer were keeping company with a view to getting married.

In or about the month of November, 1913, the defender got the offer of a church in Rutherglen. The defender, it is averred, discussed with pursuer the advisability of accepting this church, and if he did so he proposed getting married. He, however, did not accept the offer of the Rutherglen church. In February, 1914, he accompanied the pursuer on a visit to her parents at Gella, and was introduced to pursuer's parents and friends as her sweetheart. He stayed the week-end in her parents' house.

Affectionate Letters.

With a view to preparing herself for her marriage with defender, and with the special advice of defender, pursuer states that in July, 1914, she gave up her situation at Mount Melvin, and returned home to her parents. Thereafter the parties corresponded with one another every week in the most affectionate terms, and in many of their letters the defender expressed great affection for the pursuer, and his intention of getting married to her. In one letter, dated 3d March, 1915, defender wrote, inter alia:—

"My Own Sweetheart.—How true "Tempus fugit"; already the third month of another year, a month which, I suppose, will always be remembered by me. On the 3d of March I preach as candidate for the church—23th ordained, and 31st inducted—three years end of month since St Andrews became my dwelling-place. Ups and downs, happiness and the opposite, bright days and dark, all have been mine. But one thing that surpasses all is that this is the place where I first looked into the face of the girl whom I dearly wished to kiss, wished to drop the Miss, and call her by name, call her "my girl." And now such has all come to pass, and not for the world would I have things otherwise. Many men are unlucky, or, should it be called, unfortunate, to be linked to unsuitable girls, but I'm happy to say such is not the lot of your lover.

"If You Put Your Lips Near Mine."

In another letter, dated 20th April, 1915, defender also wrote:—

"My Own Sweetheart Bessie,—You ask, woman, if I look forward to the coming of your weekly letter. I'll ask you another. Do you think I'd refrain from kissing you if you put your lips near mine? Yes, Jessie. Tuesday morning brings your epistle, and so to me it is the outstanding day of the week.

In May, 1915, defender preached in the Congregational Church at Ardrossan for a vacancy there. Thereafter he visited the pursuer at her parents' house at Gella, and, as stated, intimated to pursuer and her parents that if he obtained Ardrossan he intended getting married to pursuer immediately thereafter. He remained two days, and preached at the Parish Church at Cortachy on the Sunday. Accompanied by the pursuer, defender dined with the minister of Cortachy Parish, and, it is alleged, expressed his intention of getting married to pursuer should he procure the church at Ardrossan.

Defender was not successful in procuring the charge at Ardrossan, and the pursuer and another engagement at Broughty Ferry in July, 1915. The parties continued to correspond regularly each week, and while the pursuer was employed at Broughty Ferry she met defender once a week at Ogilvie Street, Tayport, where the defenders' parents resided. The pursuer, it is stated, was introduced by the defender to his parents as his future wife.

In November, 1915, defender preached at Barrhead Congregational Church for the vacancy there, and visited Mrs Suttie, sister of pursuer, and wife of Sergt. Suttie, Constabulary Station, Kilmarnock, when, it is stated, he intimated to both Mr and Mrs Suttie that, were he successful, he would get married to pursuer.

Visits to the Manses.

On or about the 19th June, 1916, the pursuer gave up her engagement at Broughty Ferry, and returned home to her parents at Gella. She spent the immediately preceding week-end with defender and his sister in the manse of St Andrews. Defender took up his duties in his present charge at Airdrie at the beginning of September, 1916. On or about 1st September, 1916, before proceeding to Airdrie, he visited pursuer at her parents' house at Gella, and stayed for a week-end. Pursuer states that it was then definitely arranged by defender that the marriage would take place in the month of June of this year. This month was fixed as defender stated that he would not get entry to the manse at Airdrie until April or May.

On or about Friday, the 27th October, 1916, on the invitation of defender, the pursuer visited him at Airdrie, and resided with him in his present residence, Stanley House, until the Tuesday following. The defender again discussed with pursuer their marriage, which was to take place in June, 1917.

The Marriage Postponed.

The parties thereafter continued to correspond in the most affectionate terms until the 11th June, 1917, on which date pursuer received a letter from defender, in which he stated that he had changed his mind, and that, owing to his small salary and financial position, the marriage could not take place in June, but would require to be indefinitely postponed.

The pursuer has since requested defender to fulfil his engagement to marry her, but he refuses to do so. The pursuer believes and avers that the defender's plea of poverty was simply an excuse to break off his engagement. From the date of his appointment to the church in Airdrie the defender has been fully aware of his financial position and prospects, and when defender fixed with pursuer, at Gella, on or about 1st September, 1916, that their marriage should take place in June, 1917, his financial position and prospects were clearly in his mind, and fully considered.

"Love Better Than Gold."

In a letter from defender to pursuer dated 19th September, 1916, the defender, after referring to a relative who handed his wife £22 as his wages every fortnight, wrote:—

"You will never get such a wage from me, woman. But I'll give you love, better than gold. It neither tarnishes, withers, nor flies. It abides for ever. Now abideth these three—the greatest is love. Sweetheart, my letter closes once more. You know the pressure of my hand, the light in my eye, my smile; and more and more I'll show you my heart with its brimming love for yourself."

Pursuer avers that she has been deeply wounded in her feelings as well as injured in health, character, and reputation, and put to considerable loss and expense in preparing for her marriage, and has thereby suffered great loss and damage.

Defender's Admission.

Defender, in his defences, admits having promised to marry pursuer, but states that for financial reasons he now finds himself unable to fulfil his promise. His salary is £130 per annum and a free manse. Beyond his salary defender states that he has no means whatever. He believes that the pursuer's feelings may have been wounded, but it is not known and not admitted that her health has been injured or that she has been put to considerable expense preparing for her marriage, and has thereby suffered great loss and damage. Defender accordingly maintains that the sum claimed is excessive.

Sheriff Lee has fixed proof for 9th October.

Agents—For the pursuer, Mr D. Jeffrey Aitken, 121 West Regent Street, Glasgow; for the defender, Mr James A. Reid, E.L.A., 8 East High Street, Airdrie.

TIMELY BEQUESTS TO BATHGATE.

Bathgate, Saturday Night.

By the will of the late Mr David Forrester, the last of his line to own Inchcross estate, situated in the parish of Bathgate, £300 has been left towards increasing the endowment fund of Bathgate Academy, and £300 for helping to keep in good repair Bathgate Parish Church and the pre-Reformation Churchyard, Kirkton, Bathgate.

The bequests come at a singularly appropriate time. The trustees of Bathgate Academy have for many years been in want of money. This £300 by an old pupil is an excellent start to the sum of £10,000 aimed at for the purpose of equipping the academy as a centre between the day school and the university.

Few of the present generation of Bathgate folks will remember Mr Forrester. After selling his estate some forty years ago to Mr Young, the founder of Young's Paraffin Light and Mineral Oil Co., Ltd., he retired to a modest mansion at Rosehill, Polmont, where he died in his eighty-sixth year. He never married. His next-of-kin is a niece.

GERMAN'S HOTEL IN GLASGOW

PLACED OUT OF BOUNDS BY MILITARY.

MR LE QUEUX'S REVELATIONS.

(Exclusive to "The Post Sunday Special.")

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

Slowly but surely the cases of Germans in Glasgow revealed by Mr William Le Queux in his remarkable exposures, which appeared some time ago in "The Post Sunday Special," are being taken into serious account by the authorities.

Another case in Mr Le Queux's list has just been dealt with, in this instance by the military, as is indicated by the following notice issued in the Scottish Command orders:—

It is notified to all troops that the boarding-house at present kept by Henrich Meins, and situated at 232 West Regent Street, Gelasgow, is hereby placed out of bounds to all officers and other ranks.

It was Mr Le Queux who discovered this case and revealed the facts to the public in the course of one of his articles. He stated that Meins, who is about fifty-five years of age, was born in Saxony, and came to Glasgow in 1894. He secured a situation as a waiter at one of the hotels. He boasted that he had a large circle of friends, and that he was well acquainted with the geography of the Clyde district. He made several visits to Germany. He set up his hotel in 1913, having married a woman named Annie Burley, and the pair, assisted by a maid-of-all work, carried on the place. Last year the police, deeming it dangerous that he should possess a telephone, ordered the service to be cut off.

A German Still.

"Yes," said Meins, when confronted by Mr Le Queux, "I admit I am a German, and I have never been naturalised."

"Did you ever apply for naturalisation?" inquired Mr Le Queux.

"Oh, yes. As soon as the war broke out I tried to get naturalised, but they would not do so. I paid a solicitor five pounds for the fees, but the authorities took the fees and gave me no naturalisation."

"I hardly think they would do that," said Mr Le Queux. "The Treasury do not usually take fees without according some advantage."

"Well, they did. So I am a German still," was Mein's complaint.

"That the man is a loyal subject of the Kaiser," stated Mr Le Queux, "has been demonstrated again and again from his own lips; nevertheless, amazing though it may seem, he is to-day allowed perfect liberty to go about Glasgow, and to entertain beneath his roof any suspicious stranger, alien commercial travellers, and others who form the bulk of his clientele!"

VETERAN POSTMAN HONOURED.

Photo of Mr John Robertson, postman, Cawdor, who has been awarded the long service medal for meritorious service by H.M. King George. Mr Robertson was presented with the medal by Mr Warren, postmaster.

THREW OUT THE OTHER WOMAN.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

Lord Ormidale granted decree of divorce in an action in which Isabella Kerr or Simpson, Kerr's Temperance Hotel, Maud, New Deer, Aberdeenshire, sued her husband, Alex. R. N. Simpson, slater, 201 Garscube Road, Glasgow.

The pursuer (34) said that she was married to the defender in July, 1902, and there were four children. The defender in 1915 got into business difficulties, and the furniture was sold up. He got a situation in Aberdeen.

Witness left him more than once on account of his habits, and she also had to complain of his relations with another woman, who was living in the house, and whom defender refused to put out. Witness left him in August last, and took the children with her.

Evidence was given by a landlady to the effect that the defender and another woman who passed as his wife, took a furnished room in September last. In the following December witness, on account of information which she had received, challenged the woman.

Q.—And what did she say?—She didna' get time to say muckle for me. A flung her oot. (Laughter.)

GLASGOW MINER'S FATAL DIP.

SAD END TO AIRDRIE CYCLIST'S TOUR.

HOLIDAY DROWNING ACCIDENTS ON CLYDE AND TWEED.

Airdrie, Saturday.

A report was received here this morning of a sad drowning accident in the Clyde near Mount Vernon.

A Polish miner named Mercilunas Eryukanska, residing in the South Side of Glasgow, had, along with several other Poles, all miners, gone to start work at Kenmuir Colliery yesterday.

Owing to the holidays, however, they were told that a sufficient number of men had not turned out to start the pit. The men accordingly decided to spend a day on the banks of the river, and they started to bathe in the deeper parts.

They were all good swimmers, but after being in the water some time it was discovered that Eryukanska had got into difficulties. One of his companions tried to hold him up in the water, but the one in difficulties was a heavy man, and his rescuer was obliged to let him go in order to save himself.

Eryukanska sank, but rose again, and efforts were made to get him out, but without success. He sank again, and was never again seen alive.

His body was afterwards recovered by Mr George Geddes, of the Glasgow Humane Society.

The river at the part referred to is from ten to twelve feet deep, and is considered dangerous for bathing.

SAD END TO A CYCLING TOUR.

Airdrie, Saturday.

Four Airdrie young men, named Duncan M'Gregor, James Grant, James Brand, and James Webster, set out during the Fair week on a cycling tour to the English Border town of Berwick-on-Tweed.

All appears to have gone well till this forenoon, when Grant, son of Mr Alexander Grant, jeweller, 'phoned his father that, while they had been in bathing at the Spittal side of the river, one of their number, Duncan Macgregor, son of Mrs Macgregor, a widow, residing in Ralston Street, Airdrie, got into difficulties, and, notwithstanding strenuous efforts on the part of his companions, was drowned.

The young man Webster, who had put forth great exertions in trying to rescue M'Gregor, had suffered considerably, and at the time of 'phoning was not out of danger.

Brand had decided to come home immediately, while Grant remained behind. The body of M'Gregor was afterwards recovered. An inquest will be held.

COAST PIER SCENE.

Young Boy's Narrow Escape.

Dunoon, Saturday.

To Mr David Gilchrist, purser of the steamer Chevalier, and one of the Dunoon pier porters, Walter Campbell, the credit is due for the timely rescue from drowning of a young boy named M'Donald at Dunoon pier.

M'Donald was fishing for stenlock from the piles underneath the pier, and it is conjectured that when he saw the steamer Chevalier making for the pier, and he was standing near its berth, he became excited and lost his footing, falling into the deep water.

The crowd on the pier were unaware of what had happened, but Mr Gilchrist, from the steamer's deck, saw the boy's dangerous position, and shouted to those on the pier, as the steamer had not reached its berth. Walter Campbell rushed down, and, at considerable danger to himself, got in amongst the piles, but it was a difficult position for a man to effect a rescue. The purser ran down to the lower deck of the steamer, and got outside the wing of the paddle box and managed to get hold of the lad, who by this time was being kept up by Campbell. The lad was taken into the steamer as the only means of getting him up, and after being brought round he was put ashore.

It was unfortunate that the purser saw the mishap, as otherwise the boy might have been drowned or fatally injured by the paddle wheels of the steamer.

"EGGS 1s 6d A DOZEN.

Practical Joke at Bo'ness.

Bo'ness, Saturday Night.

Owing to the excessive price of butcher meat the butchers at Bo'ness have fallen in with the arrangement in force in other towns by closing down for a week.

Fish, ham, and tinned meats have been greatly in demand, and several grocers in the town were entirely sold out of these commodities by the middle of the week. The trades holidays being on, visitors to the City took advantage of the opportunity before returning home of purchasing supplies of butcher meat.

The following advertisement appeared in a local paper:—

"Fine big Portobello leeks, 1s per 100; 7s 6d per 1000.

"Scottish strawberries, 4d per lb.

"Fresh eggs, 1s 6d per doz.

"Boiling fowls, 2s 3d.

"Apply ——."

The party whose name was given in the advertisement was besieged with applicants for eggs at 1s 6d, the actual selling price being 3s 2d and 3s 6d per doz., and hardly to be got at that.

It turned out that the advertisement was a practical joke, for which the party named was in no way responsible.

LATEST NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

FROM ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND.

BY WIRE AND 'PHONE.

Another Helensburgh Military Medallist has been killed in Staff-Sergt. Norman Pirret, R.A.M.C.

Many interesting relics of the war were displayed at an exhibition held in Montrose yesterday in aid of the Scottish Churches Huts, for which a flag day was also held.

Mr James Forrest, for many years overseer in the Airdrie Post Office, has just received intimation of his appointment to the Sub-Postmastership of Scotstoun, Glasgow.

Pioneer Archibald L. Orr, Royal Engineers, son of Mr David Orr, Auchingramont Road, Hamilton, has been killed in action. He was one of seven brothers all serving in the army.

Greenock Volunteers had their first inspection yesterday. Brigadier-General D. A. Macfarlane, C.B., D.S.O., vice-chairman of the Inverness Territorial Force Association, was the inspecting officer.

At the School of Instruction at Troon Captain C. Augustus Carlow's team won the bombing and trench-fighting competition. Captain Carlow is the officer commanding the Leven Volunteer Corps.

Sergeant-Major William Davidson, Canadians, elder son of Mrs Davidson, Desswood, Montrose, has been awarded the Meritorious Service Medal. He joined the first Canadian contingent when it was formed.

Mr Archibald Stewart, assistant manager in the Airdrie Corporation Gasworks, has received intimation of his appointment as manager of the works of the Blairgowrie Gas Company, Ltd. Mr Stewart has been three years assistant in Airdrie works.

Second-Lieutenant John R. Wardrope, Seaforth Highlanders, eldest son of Mr A. Wardrope, Oakley House, Laurieston, Falkirk, has been awarded the Military Cross "for auspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty."

Second-Lieutenant James L. Henderson, Border Regiment, principal assistant with Mr Wm. Stodart, solicitor, Hamilton, has been promoted captain on the field. Captain Henderson is well-known in the Falkirk district.

Yesterday afternoon the first company inspection in connection with the 2d Perthshire Volunteer Regiment was made at Pitlochry, when C Coy., under Captain A. M. Meldrum, was inspected by the Earl of Mansfield, County Commandant.

During Glasgow Fair week a number of young visitors from Falkirk have given a series of impromptu concerts on the Esplanade opposite Battery Place, Rothesay, and attracted large audiences. Collections taken on behalf of local war charities realised over £19.

Two well-known Aberdeenshire officers have fallen at the front:—namely, Lieut. John Michie, H.L.I., and Lieut. W. J. Guthrie, son of the minister of Glass, near Aberdeen. Prior to the war the latter officer was a student at Aberdeen University.

On returning from the Fair holidays yesterday Mrs Docherty, 7 Queen Street, Kirkintilloch, found her brother sitting dead in a chair. Deceased, Patrick Tollan, was sixty-two, and a general labourer. He appeared to be in good health when his sister left.

Lieut. Norman Walker, one of the latest recipients of the Military Cross, is a popular figure in Greenock cricketing circles, and in pre-war days was one of the mainstays of the first XI. of Glenpark. He joined the R.F.A., and has been in France for two years.

Mr and Mrs John Cowden, Riversdale, Oxhill, Dumbarton, have received intimation that their eldest son, C.Q.M.S. Alex. Cowden, H.L.I., has died from wounds. Another son, Pte. James Cowden, A. and S.H., missing since 10th May, 1915, is now believed to have died on that date.

Mrs Campbell, 17 Shore Street, Port-Glasgow, received official news this week of a double bereavement. Her son, Sergt. J. Campbell, R.G.A., was killed in France on 24th June, and word has since come that another son, Sapper Charles Campbell, R.E., has paid the supreme sacrifice.

One of the leading citizens of Kirkcaldy, Mr Jas. Wishart, J.P., Strathearn House, died suddenly yesterday morning. He was head of the firm of Ireland & Wishart, linen manufacturers, Kirkcaldy and Abernethy. Mr Wishart had rendered excellent service to the community on Kirkcaldy Town Council. He was over seventy years of age.

Great interest was shown at Dalkeith Police Court yesterday in a case at the instance of Dalkeith School Board charging Mrs Margaret Smith, Campbell's Close, with failing to comply with an attendance order on her son. She pleaded not guilty, and stated that he had been working on the land earning 22s weekly. He would be fourteen years old in August. Another Magistrate recently found the charge not proven, and the School Board protested. Provost Brown found accused guilty, and imposed a fine of 5s.

STRUCK BY THE SAME SHELL.

Two Rothesay Soldiers Killed.

Rothesay, Saturday.

Letters received from Captain T. W. Alexander, adjutant of the Highland Divisional Ammunition Column, state that two Rothesay young men, members of the column, have been killed in France. They are Gunner William Mackay (20), son of Mr J. Mackay, 9 High Street, and Gunner Duncan M'Gregor, Bridgend Street.

The two artillerymen were struck by the same shell, and died of wounds on the following day.

LATEST FROM LONDON.

KERENSKY AGAIN TO THE RESCUE.

GERMANY'S TROUBLES—A SIGNIFICANT FACT.

(By "Post" Special Wire.)

London, Saturday Night.

THE announcement that M. Kerensky is to take the helm in Russia is the best news we have had from Petrograd for a long time past.

M. Kerensky is the only man who has shown any capacity for restoring discipline and martial spirit to the Russian Armies. He has been described as the Lloyd George of Russia.

Only a few days ago I heard a very prominent statesman describe him as the St Just of the Russian Revolution, and this latter description conveys perhaps a better impression of the man who recently set the best possible example to the Russian soldiers by himself going over the top dressed in the uniform of a simple private.

Like St Just, M. Kerensky was discovered by the revolution. It transported him with enthusiasm, and he became one of its most ardent apostles; and, like St Just again, M. Kerensky has displayed a great capacity for administrative organisation. It is said that he has some of the faults as well as the greatness of his French prototype. But he is spotless in his character, eloquent in speech, and rigorously earnest in his convictions.

One of his greatest admirers in Europe to-day is Mr Lloyd George, and there can be no doubt that the two men will work in perfect harmony together from their respective positions in London and Petrograd. If there is any man who can save Russia it is this man of destiny who has arrived.

Commons Debate on Michaelis' Speech.

Judging by the gossip of the political clubs we are likely to hear a good deal about the German Chancellor's speech when the new Vote of Credit is taken in the House of Commons on Tuesday. There is an expectation that Mr Lloyd George himself may come down to the House to make a formal reply to Dr Michaelis. If Mr Asquith also speaks he will probably follow, and not precede, the Prime Minister.

It is generally felt that there is nothing in what fell from the Chancellor in the Reichstag which calls for action on our part, but, on the other hand, the floor of the House of Commons affords a more authoritative tribune for any answer Mr Lloyd George may desire to make than the platform of the Queen's Hall.

Ruin of Germany's Railways.

Surprise is expressed in some quarters that so much prominence should have been given by the Admiralty to the little naval affair off the Dutch Coast, which resulted in the capture or sinking of a handful of coasting steamers.

It may be said at once that the incident fully deserves the attention that has been directed to it The circumstances in which these German vessels were captured throw a very significant light on the internal condition of Germany. That the enemy should find it necessary to send supplies to Western Germany by sea, risking all the hazards a sea voyage involves, is eloquent of the increasing difficulties of transport that are being experienced.

Shortage of lubricants and worn-out rolling stock are combining to ruin that magnificent railway service on the efficiency of which Berlin rightly set so much store at the beginning of the war. We had the first hint of this in the limitations that were being imposed on all forms of travel, and the fact that Germany now finds it necessary to feed her western districts by the sea route suggests that the position has now grown far more serious than was commonly supposed. Failure of railway transports raises a critical situation for any nation engaged in war, but it is doubly serious for a power like Germany that is fighting on both fronts and needs to swing her troops constantly backwards and forwards from East to West, and from West to East.

General Election Looming Ahead.

The sudden recrudescence of talk about an immediate General Election is surprising, for there is nothing in the Parliamentary situation at the moment which affords any logical explanation of the talk that you hear.

To suggest that there is anything in the nature of a Parliamentary crisis over the Corn Production Bill is absurd, and the idea of the Government going to the country about a measure which a very large proportion of the electors have never heard of is simply grotesque. Considerable difficulty is being experienced in getting the Bill through the Commons, largely because Mr Prothero, who is in charge of the Bill, is not properly backed up on the Treasury Bench by more experienced Parliamentarians who are familiar with the tricks and wiles of a fractious Opposition.

But if there is really any serious thought on Mr Lloyd George's part of appealing to the country, we must look deeper than the Corn Production Bill for the cause. That the present House of Commons fails utterly to represent the country is agreed on all hands. Not only is the House unrepresentative, but it does not seem to know what the country is thinking and feeling.

A General Election, with all its disadvantages, would mend this in some degree. The register is obsolete, and the existing franchise has been condemned, but you can hardly imagine a New House of Commons that would be worse than the House of Commons that it would supersede.

CLOSE THE NORTH SEA NOW.

THERE MUST BE NO LOOPHOLE FOR THE U BOATS.

BY MAURICE PRENDERGAST.

London, Saturday Night.

IT has been a notable week, marking the end of a century-old succession of political First Lords. Not that there is any wish to disparage the work of Sir Edward Carson. On the contrary, since his "induction" last November, Sir Edward has proved one of the best chiefs of the Admiralty Board we have ever had. In his own words, he did not interfere with the sailors, and would not allow anyone else to interfere with them. His speeches on naval matters, few as they have been, were always simple, sound, and full of practical commonsense. Sir Edward parts company to cruise with the War Cabinet Squadron, and takes with him the gratitude of the navy for his courageous innovations.

Nevertheless, "The King is dead; long live the King!" The fourth First Lord of this war, Sir Eric Geddes, is not a politician like his three predecessors in office—Sir Edward Carson, Mr Balfour, and Mr Churchill—but a business man who has "made good." His sudden promotion from the Controllership appears to be another step in the division of naval control into two branches—the fighting side and the supply side. Admiral Sir John Jellicoe and the A.W.S. (Admiralty War Staff) deal, of course, with naval strategy, disposition of fleets, and all moves made on the chessboard of naval warfare. Sir Eric Geddes and the Admiralty Board are responsible to the War Cabinet, Parliament, and the nation for all our naval policy. But the elevation of the late Controller suggests that he is to overhaul and specialise in the supply questions—new construction, maintenance of fleets, &c.—which are daily becoming more urgent.

Those who have been demanding that the navy should be ruled over by a seaman may be satisfied now. Sir Eric Geddes has the honorary and acting rank of Vice-Admiral, and is therefore a "temporary" seaman, though he has never commanded a ship, much less a squadron or a fleet! Sir David Beatty's career has been rapid, but Sir Eric Geddes' rate of promotion has been marvellous.

A Vice-Admiral of about two months' standing, he is now the superior in the Admiralty hierarchy of genuine Admirals of the Fleet, and Admirals, such as Sir John Jellicoe and Sir David Beatty. The formula for becoming the "Ruler of the King's Navee" is given in H.M.S. Pinafore. What refulgence, therefore, Sir Eric must have imparted to the knockers and door-knobs of the Admiralty to have attained supreme power so rapidly! By the way, the diversity of outside talent Sir Eric Geddes called into his department, when Controller, did actually cause his office to be rechristened H.M.S. Pinafore by the Service afloat! So H.M.S. Pinafore has provided us with a First Lord, as Gilbert and Sullivan predicted.

Smart Business off the Dutch Coast.

The "cutting-out" of the German merchantmen on the Dutch Coast is another of those well-executed operations, carried out by our East Coast squadrons, for which Captain Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt this week received the well-merited honour of knighthood and the K.C.B. As is ever the case, the accounts sent from Holland of this affair are very confused, and contradictory. The number of German blockade-running steamers, which left Rotterdam, are variously reported as fourteen, ten, nine, and seven. In one account, four enemy steamers are said to have been sunk, though no confirmation can be found of this detail elsewhere.

It was certainly a bigger affair than is generally imagined. As in the case of the Messines Ridge battle, the Germans knew beforehand, namely, that we were going to try and seize the steamers. On the 14th British destroyers were off the mouths of the Scheldt, and were attacked by German seaplanes. The enemy aircraft were probably scouting to see that the way was clear for the steamers' run up the coast. So the Huns must have known our ships were off the Dutch coast, lying in wait.

On the principle of not putting all their eggs in one basket, the Germans divided their steamers up into several small "squadrons" of five to three ships. The vessels we are concerned with were divided into three "squadrons," which sailed on Sunday night last, in the order given:—Squadron 1—Pellworm, Breitzig, Marie Horn, H. Blumberg; Squadron 2—Lavinia, R. Leonhardt (and M. Blumenthal?); Squadron 3—W. Osllsner, Cursten-Ross, Ariadne. The total gross tonnage was about 12,200 for all three squadrons, the largest ship being the W. Osllsner of 1434 tons, and the smallest Ariadne of 876 tons.

At half-past six on Monday morning, nineteen British warships were sighted, when the steamers were off Egmond. The British warships appear to have been destroyers, led by one or two very fast light cruisers. They steamed across the head of Squadron 1, down the coast, and then headed out seawards, between Squadron 1 and Squadron 2, ordering both sets of enemy ships to stop.

The German vessels had guns, and some showed fight. The first squadron was rounded up and captured in a mass. No 2 made a bolt for it, and two ships, Lavinia and M. Leonhardt "took the beach" near Bergen-aan-Zee. Another vessel, M. Blumenthal, was also run aground, but it cannot be made out if she was in company with No. 2 squadron, or some other set of German ships. Squadron 3 turned tail and bolted back to Rotterdam. Total result—5179 tons of German shipping captured, and 3713 tons run aground.

Here we come to the very thorny question about the steamers being attacked and fired on in Dutch waters. As a commentator on events, one must be impartial and review both sides of the case. In August, 1915, the British submarine E15 grounded on the Danish island of Saltholm (near Copenhagen), and while so lying disabled, she was attacked by German destroyers. At the time opinion in this country was highly indignant about this affair.

Neutrals Who Do Not Observe Neutrality.

We cannot have our cake and eat it. If the E15 affair was an illegal action by the enemy, then our attack on the German steamers within Dutch waters was not lawful You cannot have one set of rules for one belligerent's conduct and another set of rules for the other combatant. If we stand our ground over the Dutch coast affair, must we admit the enemy was justified in similar circumstances at Saltholm two years ago?

The saving clause appears to be the conduct of the neutral concerned in such affairs. When the neutral is not impartial, and does not apply his rules of neutrality with fairness, is the aggrieved belligerent allowed to take the law into his own hands? There is one precedent which gives us a guiding line in the matter. The German cruiser Dresden escaped from the Falkland Islands, and was found at the Chilean island of Juan Fernandes. Germans had obtained concessions at this place, and it was strongly suspected Juan Fernandez was being used as a base of operations by the Dresden. There was no Chilean force at hand to ensure that the Dresden would not escape internment. Accordingly, we sank the Dresden, but offered apologies to Chile later. In this case the neutral was not unwilling, but impotent to prevent his neutrality being violated. The Dresden had just been turned out of a remote Chilean bay, where she had been hiding for over three weeks. She then went to Juan Fernandez, where we decided to settle her for good and all. And I think the Chileans were rather glad, sub rosa, that we rid them of this nuisance on their coast.

We have remonstrated time and again with the Dutch about the way supplies are handed on to Germany. The Dutch Government has acted correctly by replying with demarches, notes verbales, and all the mumbo-jumbo of diplomacy. Meanwhile, the private Dutch burghers go on trading with Germany and making fortunes. We extend our minefields to stop Dutch coastal waters being used as a corridor for blockade-runners between German and Dutch ports. That hits them on the raw, and a great clamour arises in Holland about sea commerce being stopped. With whom? Holland can trade as much as she likes with the neutral world, but only one Dutch steamer, painted with the approved German "convict stripes," has been to Southwold in the past six months. Other Dutch ships may have been to our ports, but we suspect the sea trade the Hollanders want to keep open is with Germany.

We may have to express our apologies; we may even have to hand back the captured German steamers, and pay compensation for a few cattle killed on Dutch soil. All the same, the effects of this lesson may remain, and if neutrals will not observe neutrality, they will be reminded that the Service has not forgotten that Nelson was blind in one eye, and found his infirmity convenient on one historic occasion.

Lock In the U Boats.

It is generally agreed that U boats must be caught near their holes, the German North Sea bases. But if this cannot be done on a large scale, and with pertinacity, the next best thing is to block up the North Sea. Otherwise, the submarines get out into the Atlantic, where there is much less chance of killing them. One of the scientific American weekly periodicals has propounded a novel scheme for the creation of a submarine-proof barrier, stretching from Scotland to Norway, a distance of 250 miles.

The plan is developed on quite practical lines, but unless the patrol zones and barriers were carried right up to Norway's shores, there would be a loophole for the U boats to pass through. On this point opinion in the States is that we should go into Norwegian waters, because Germany has made war openly on neutrals, Norway might protest, but her own shipping losses per submarine have been so severe, she would give tacit consent to our preventive measures.

On this side of the Atlantic we cannot forget that the German excuse for unlimited piracy was that it was "all for the good of the neutrals—in the end." Should we have to adopt the same justification if we decided to lock, bolt, and bar the North Sea against the under-water pirates? On our part, we could truly tell neutrals our measures were protective; Germany merely destroys under the pretext of ultimate benefit. The non-belligerents know which side their bread is buttered, and any scheme for protecting their shipping from U boats would secure popular support, no matter how much the diplomatists and politicians might quibble.

It does appear certainly that, within the next six months, we shall have to close the North Sea absolutely. We are already paring down the navigable area by our big minefields, and we have not far to go before we slam the door in the face of the U-boat commanders. Why not do it now, and apply the splendid rule of Mirabeau, which pays so well in warfare, "Prenñeremont, l'audace, encore l'audace, and toujours l'audace!"—"Firstly, audacity! Again audacity! And always audacity!"

STRETCHER-BEARER HONOURED.

Information has been received by Mr and Mrs James Burns, 12 Castle Square, Bothwell, that their son, Private Michael Burns, stretcher-bearer, Canadians, has been awarded the Military Medal for bravery in the field, having attended the wounded under heavy shell fire. Private Burns went from Bothwell to Canada in 1911, and enlisted early in 1915. He has been in France over a year. His home is in Nanaimo, near Vancouver, B.C.

20,000 HOUSELESS WORKERS.

CLYDEBANK'S HOUSING PROBLEM.

£50 RENT PAID FOR ROOM AND KITCHEN.

Glasgow, Saturday.

The housing problem in the Clyde Valley has reached an acute stage, and from various quarters pressure is being brought to bear on the Government to take steps to provide some measure of accommodation for thousands of houseless workers. It was authoritatively stated by a deputation from Clydebank, which waited upon the Food Controller recently, that that burgh's "floating population" was from 16,000 to 20,000—sixteen to twenty thousand workers compelled to travel to and from the town night and morning to their work because of the lack of workers' houses.

Of these "outdwellers," the majority come from Glasgow, but places as widely scattered as Helensburgh, Alexandria, Drumchapel, Milngavie, Bridgeton, Parkhead, Govan, and Paisley, all contribute their quota to that vast "floating population," which is equal to almost forty per cent. of the resident population, which is, according to the latest return, 49,193.

Abandoned Housing Scheme.

Clydebank's housing problem is not altogether a war-time abnormality. It was in existence prior to the war, and, private enterprise in building being at a very low ebb, the Town Council had formulated a scheme for the erection of a large number of municipally-owned houses, but the war intervened, and that scheme, like many other communal enterprises, was perforce relegated to the distant future But the coming of the war and the growing importance of the district as a munition area, intensified the housing problem, and, failing the materialisation of the municipal housing scheme, John Brown & Co., Ltd., embarked upon an extensive building scheme for the housing of their workers.

Whole new streets of tenements have risen where formerly not a house stood, and as fastly as the houses have risen tenants have flocked to them, not only one family occupying a house, but frequently two families sharing one "but and ben," and people letting out "furnished apartments" which have been greedily snapped up by those who have not had the good fortune to secure a house for themselves.

Ten shillings per week for one meagrely-furnished apartment, one pound per week for a not over-inviting "room and kitchen, furnished," are by no means uncommon prices, and workers clamour for accommodation even on such prohibitive terms.

The Government Takes a Hand.

After many days the urgency of the problem seems to have been borne in on the Local Government Board, and they are now negotiating with the Clydebank Town Council as to the erection of 100 cottage houses for the accommodation of munition workers on an area of between six and seven acres near Drumry Road, Kilbowie, the proposal being that the Town Council should, either on their completion or at the close of the war, purchase the properties, and regard them as an instalment towards their own suspended scheme of housing.

But the houseless "floating population," who are all this time constrained to suffer the discomforts of travelling from a' the airts to their work at an unearthly hour of the morning, the inconvenience and expense of having their meals in restaurants and canteens, or the even more unsatisfactory alternative of "carrying their chits," are becoming restless. They resent the "tinkering" policy the Government are evincing in the matter, and want to see at an early date a businesslike and comprehensive scheme which will hold out some hope of meeting the requirements of the situation.

What is the use, they ask, of talking and quibbling over a paltry one hundred houses? Clydebank wants five thousand workers' houses, and in the interests not only of those immediately concerned, but in the interests of the efficiency and productivity of one of the country's busiest munition areas, it is imperative that the Government should take prompt and effective measures to see that Clydebank's wants are supplied.

CLOSE THE NORTH SEA NOW—Contd.

LATEST COMMENTS FROM THE WORLD'S PRESS.

The Most Effective Way.

The most effective way to get away fro the war is to win it.—Chicago Tribune.

Therefore, Bomb Them!

The Hun civilian is easily scared, and Hun crowd is notoriously easy to stampe —Naval and Military Record.

When the War will End.

Will the "prophets" please note? T war will end when Germany is down a out, and not a minute sooner.—Dund Courier.

"Tastes Like It."

Scottish grocers are said to have be hoarding tea "for a rainy day." "Tas like it, too," as the man said about t soup.—Star.

None We Can Trust.

Till there is someone in power in G many whom we can trust there will be n body with whom we can make peace. Spectator.

Both Were Rash.

Billy Sunday offers to empty hell in fift minutes, according to a New York new paper. And Henry Ford was going to g the boys out of the trenches by Christm Day.

Must Die Decently.

It is conceivable that the end of t Unionist party is at hand. If so, it owes to its history to die decently rather than starve slowly, while it picks up the crum at Mr George's table.—Outlook.

Herod Not in the Hun Clas

"No," said the shade of Herod, "I do care to meet any of those newly arrived s marine commanders. Even under the p of the higher necessity. I slaughtered b babies only."—Washington Post.

Plots Without Profits.

One can't help wondering sometimes j how much profit the Kaiser has had from his plots and conspiracies. As nearly as can tell they don't seem ever to have got anywhere.—Detroit Free Press.

Mr Churchill.

His appointment is the inevitable seq to the Dardanelles Report, and it is m than probable that similar awards will l be found for the politicians guilty of t tragedy of Mesopotamia.—New Witness.

What Muddlers May Forget

This is the people's war, and the life health of the humblest lad who enlisted it is dearer to the heart of the people t the official reputation of any public serv to be politician or bureaucrat. — Bos Transcript.

Easy Victims.

It would be foolish to expect that Czar and Rasputinism could pass away in the q of a summer day. The ill-balanced ideal of a large part of the Russian people ma them the easy victims of conscience plotters.—Daily Express.

One View of Carson.

That this incompetent and reaction Irishman, who rose to political fame preaching and glorifying treason, should in the War Cabinet is as enormous an in to democratic England as the presence Lord Milner there.—New Statesman.

The Panacea for Ireland.

I once heard a rabid demagogue in Co mara say—"To hell with the British Co tution. I would never do anything fo but fight for it," and that is why s people say conscription would be the pa cea for the present position in the isle.—Clubman in Liverpool Post.

Not Very Amazing.

(Mr Will Thorne states that white fl is being used in the West-End, while London's bread becomes ropey and mou

For ever down our social slopes
Go Fortune's shafts and slings;
The lower strata hug the "ropes,"
The higher pull the strings.

—A. W. in Daily Chronicle

Get After the Speculator.

This is a good time to get after the sp lator in the necessaries of life. In war t much can be done to him easily that w be impossible or difficult in days of pe and, once established, a system that rele us from the extortions of speculators w never be allowed to lapse into ineffec ness.—New York Sun.

KING AMONG HIS TROO

Royal Visit to Aldershot.

London, Saturday Nigh

The King and Queen, with Princess M and Duke of Connaught, left town afternoon for Aldershot. The suite attendance included Countess Forte Lord Stamfordham, Sir Derek Kep Major Reginald Seymour, Earl of Cro and Col. Sir Malcolm Murray. Altho Their Majesties are taking rest and rec tion after their strenuous engagement home and abroad it is anticipated they see a good deal of the activities of the g military training centre during their to Hampshire, and that in a general this visit will take the place of that w Their Majesties generally pay to Alder at Whitsuntide. If this idea be carried it will mean a pretty stiff blending of with pleasure. While no definite for plan of engagements has been arran His Majesty may be expected to spen good deal of his time with his troops.

PREPARING FOR BIGGEST BATTLE OF THE WAR.

THE PERPLEXING RUSSIAN SITUATION.

BY GUY L'ESTRANGE.

(OVER "POST" SPECIAL WIRE.)

London, Saturday Night.

USSIA is in a position so vitally to affect the course of the war this year t the developments in the East are being tched with anxious interest. There is od news and bad news from Petrograd. e good news is that M. Kerensky has en appointed Prime Minister. He is a ong man, and Russia never had greater ed of such.

The announcement that M. Kerensky has en the tiller follows hard on the heels news of very grave importance in the hing front. Early in the week the Ger- ns claimed to have pierced the Russian nt in Galicia. Following on the brilliant sian successes the set-back sustained by Ally came as a disagreeable surprise. t the explanation is now forthcoming of cause of the reverse General Brussil- has sustained.

With a frankness which does the authori- s at Petrograd the utmost credit an icial report has been issued detailing ctly what happened. From this we rn that at a critical moment some Rus- n troops refused to fight. "Our failure," Petrograd official message stated, "is plained to a considerable degree by the t that under the influence of the ex- mists several detachments, having re- ved the command to support the attacked achments, held meetings, and discussed advisability of obeying the order. ereupon some of the regiments refused obey the military command." The orts of the commanders and committees arouse the men to the fulfilment of the mands were fruitless.

Mutiny in the face of the enemy has ays been regarded as a very serious mili- y crime, and what has occurred suggests t discipline is as yet far from being re- ed in the Russian armies. Whether M. erensky will be able to grapple with this uation now that he has attained to reme power is a question which only the ure can determine. Not the least discon- ting aspect of the news is the fact that se instances of disaffection have occurred in the north or south, but in the Gali- n area, where, to all outward seeming, Kerensky and General Korniloff had suc- ded in inspiring the Russian soldiers with nething of their old martial spirit. The uble that has arisen is at present largely al in its character, and in this fact lies best hope of a speedy Russian recovery.

Preparing for Great Events.

part from these incidents on the Russian nt, the outstanding events of the war dur- the last few days have been the con- ued German offensives against the French ng the line of the Aisne and in Cham- ne, and the growing activity on the ish front in the extreme north. The mer blows the enemy is delivering inst the French have not met with any y marked success, but the intention obvi- y is to wear down the spirit and re- ces of our splendid Allies. But the nch have been immensely encouraged by news of America's preparations, and y are withstanding these attacks with same intrepid courage they displayed year at Verdun.

On the British front there have been ial battles of a most violent character, all the indications are that events are ding up to a new clash of arms on a le without parallel, it may be, in the als of the war. The long lull that has ured since the battle of Messines has put evere strain on the patience of people at e, and the opportunity may now be en to devote a little attention to the l importance of the civilian factor in the .

The Civilian Factor.

y slow and sure degrees the war is de- oping into a struggle between British gedness and German discipline. Sir liam Robertson, who took Lord Kit- ner's place at the War Office, surprised ryone not very long ago by an estimate ch he gave of the part played in modern fare by the civilian population working ind the actual fighting armies.

s an influence in determining the result the war, he gave to these civilian popu- ons an importance far greater than that ch he gave to the armies and navies. exsting circumstances these latter might likened to the spear head, which depends its effectiveness upon the power of the ft behind. And this shaft might quite ly be represented by the civilian popula- s at home—the men, that is, who are ing out ships and guns, making muni- s, and providing the sinews of war in the of finance.

this illustration is accepted it is easy appreciate the tremendous significance importance of the cracks which are be- ning to develop in the shaft of the Ger- spear. The spear head itself has not n materially blunted. Numerically, at the German armies to-day are probably rong as they have been at any time dur- the war.

heir morale may not be quite as good, such deterioration as there has been in particular is only what was to be looked when every nation engaged in the war, pt America, is beginning to get down the dregs of the recruiting well. But process of deterioration is quite clearly g on with extreme rapidity where Ger- y's civilian population is concerned.

ustria is in a still worse plight. But many is the main pillar of the hostile bination against which the Allies are ting, and when fissures begin to mani- themselves in this pillar we are justified in attaching the utmost importance to such evidences of weakness as show themselves.

The Reaction Sets In.

There is nothing in the least degree surprising in the signs of gradual disruption that may be perceived. For many months past now German public opinion has been fed on lies and false hopes. A policy of this kind is always attended with temporary success. But the reaction is bound to come when the lies are exposed, and the false hopes are dashed to the ground. And Germany at the present moment is suffering from many disappointments.

It may be argued, of course, that very much the same remark applies to the Allies, and even to the people of this country. Things have not always gone entirely as we hoped and expected. We have suffered many disillusions, and notably the failure of Russia to achieve this year all that was expected of her when the plans for 1917 were laid.

But we were always in a better position than the Germans to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Germany expected a short war and a triumphant feast. Britain, on the other hand, recognised that the war would involve many hardships and sacrifices, and braced herself for the ordeal. To that extent we started with a manifest advantage in this struggle between British doggedness and German discipline.

And if our own disappointments during the last few months have been great those of Germany have been infinitely greater. The Russian revolution encouraged high hopes in Berlin. The Kaiser and his War Lords honestly believed that our Eastern Ally would conclude a separate peace. But there has been no separate peace, and Russia has launched an offensive in Galicia, the results of which have already exceeded all expectations, and have struck terror into the very heart of the Austrian Empire.

Truth Will Out.

But the greatest disappointment of all from Germany's point of view has been the failure of the submarine campaign. The German people were definitely promised that sea frightfulness would bring the war to an end by July. July is here, and peace, or at any rate a German-made peace, is more remote than ever.

So confident were they of the efficacy of this weapon of war to bring Great Britain to her knees that the Germans acquiesced almost without demur to the consequence it carried with it of drawing America into the struggle. And now the truth begins to penetrate all minds in the Fatherland that the submarines cannot end the war, and that Great Britain cannot be starved into submission.

Instead of ending the war the submarines have given to the Allies the powerful reinforcement of American aid. The full effects of this will not be felt before the spring of next year. Even America cannot improvise an army in a few weeks though in the matter of munitions and material of war, and all the things that go to equipping a great modern army, she starts where Great Britain left off.

In the United States the Great arsenals and munition factories were already in existence when President Wilson declared war. In this country they all had to be created side by side with the creation of the army itself. Though America's influence on the struggle cannot become immediately apparent, it is a factor in the situation which hangs like the sword of Fate over all Germany's calculations.

A sober estimate of the general situation, therefore, forces the conclusion that all that is needed to ensure final victory is the continued steadiness of the civilian, and especially the industrial, population at home. Have we the will to win? That is a question on which the whole result of the war and the whole destinies of our race and empire depend. The answer ought not to be for the moment in doubt.

The Will to Win.

If we manifest this "will to win," it is possible, even now, that the war might be brought to a conclusion this year, or, at any rate, early next year before the new spring offensive began. Germany is unable to disguise the cracks that are developing in her own solidarity, as evidenced by the political crisis which Berlin is experiencing.

But we may be quite sure that she is watching with feverish intentness for cracks to develop in our own pillar. If she can discern anything of the sort there is nothing that would be more calculated to encourage her to continue the struggle in the hope that war weariness would achieve that which her armies had failed to attain. When all these considerations are fully grasped you appreciate the truth of Sir William Robertson's estimate of the part which the people, as apart from the army, must play in determining the result of the war. If we view the outlook on these broad lines the conclusions to which we are drawn are not discouraging.

Austria is well nigh in extremis. And the utter hopelessness of Vienna begins sensibly to affect the spirit of Berlin. Austria is in no condition to withstand any more hard blows. Her mixed population cannot be depended on. Her fighting men are surrendering with disconcerting alacrity in face of the Russian offensive. Her food problem becomes more acute with every week that passes. From all accounts the German harvest promises to fall far below expectations. The harvests of Hungary are still worse. From the economic as from the military point of view Austria is tottering on her last legs.

BLIND FAITH IN HINDENBURG.

A SADDER AND WISER GERMANY.

LATEST VIEWS OF THE ENEMY PRESS.

(Specially Contributed.)

The feature of the latest German papers is the great crisis in the Reichstag. The only complaint the papers have is that they are obliged to suppress most of the reports of the conferences by censor's orders

It is quite evident that the German Chancellor was taken by surprise. The Hamburger Fremdenblatt says:—"During his interview with the Kaiser, Herr von Bethmann Hollweg was of the opinion that the unrest was only temporary, and that by Monday he would have the Reichstag under his control again."

The Vossische Zeitung voices the discontent of the people very strongly:—"We want a man at the head of affairs who has the trust of the people. There is no time to delay, there is no going back. A new man alone can bring us the new system of Government."

It is quite clear that Dr Michaelis' appointment as Chancellor was a complete surprise to Germany.

Huns' Only Comfort.

The only comfort that the Huns have at the moment is that Hindenburg and Ludendorf have talked matters over with the Kaiser. "In this dull, brooding time of uncertainty and harassing expectations," says the Vorwarts, "there sounds one trumpet call of hope—Hindenburg and Ludendorf were in conference with the Kaiser in Berlin. In this hour of difficult decision the ear of the monarch will surely be open to the counsel of those on whom all the hope and trust of the nation is stayed."

Germany's ideas of big conquest are fading slowly, and to-day she is ready to make peace on any terms. When she declared war it was quite plain that world conquest was her object. The German Press does not seek to deny this. Now she is a sadder and a wiser country, as we see by the Berliner Tageblatt:—"Dreamers and charlatans still declare that it is possible for us to make great conquests, and that the world lies before us if we would only stretch forth our hands and seize it. The bulk of the nation, however, realises to-day how unwise it would be to impose our yoke upon foreign nations and to stamp out foreign individuality.

"That possibility has now completely disappeared, and the great majority of the Reichstag has understood this, and now they demand from the Government a statement that Germany will dispense with any annexations, and that she is only carrying on a war of defence, and is quite prepared to make peace with all her enemies. It is better to find out one's mistakes late than never, and the true weaklings are usually those who shout heroically to the last."

Under His Master's Thumb.

A paragraph in the Berliner Tageblatt illustrates how much Von Bethmann Hollweg was under the Kaiser's thumb. A member of the Reichstag wolf gang. Heine had a private conversation with the Chancellor, and, addressing a meeting in Frankfort, he says—"I can tell you that the Chancellor would have concluded peace to-day had it been possible, both in the East and the West, without annexations and without the smallest indemnity. He has never before expressed his views with quite such clearness, as he thought it wisest to keep silent on the subject, not because he was uncertain how to act, but out of consideration for the Privileged Ones who stood behind him.

Food Position Very Serious.

Rations are being cut down again in Hunland, and the price of a 5 lb. loaf is to be 1s 8d during the winter. The President of the War Food Control, Von Batocki, says in the Vorwarts:—

The position of the food supply is very serious, and I fully realise the responsibility which rests on me. Last year the months of June and July were the most critical, and this year the long drought has made the prospects even more alarming. The easily spoilt harvest of fruit and berries presents a problem which is difficult to solve, and the danger that even the reduced bread rations will have to be cut down again for a time, is very threatening.

From the middle of August more flour is to be given to the bakers, and the meat ration is to be reduced. It is as yet impossible to judge of the harvest, and too much pessimism is just as bad as too much optimism. The fields have been tilled in spite of the great difficulties, and the prospects of the wheat harvest are satisfactory in most places except in the neighbourhood of Berlin. The sandy soil here does not promote growth, but one must not imagine that all the country is alike.

Disappointed Greengrocers.

The Berliner Tageblatt complains that there is no fruit and very few vegetables in Berlin—a fact known to everybody. But the reason for the scarcity of supplies which are so important during this hot weather is not known. The opening of the great Berlin market at 4 a.m. presents a scene almost like a riot. Men and women who have stood in crowds for hours outside the gates rush up to the few waggons and stalls which are supplied with vegetables. In Berlin there are 8000 to 9000 greengrocers, and the average amount of waggons which come into the market numbers twenty. If you listen to the complaints and angry threats of the greengrocers, who night after night have to go home empty-handed, you would understand how great is the public discontent. When will the transport difficulties be remedied?

A VISIT TO THE WESTERN FRONT.

No II.—Arras and Bapaume.

By D. C. THOMSON, of "The Post Sunday Special."

In the first article, appearing on Sunday last, the writer gave graphic pen-pictures of Vimy Ridge and Givenchy, and this week he continues the description of his recent tour, telling of his experiences amongst the ruins of Arras and Bapaume.

NEXT day we motor to Arras, and encounter as dense a traffic as one does in Argyle and Buchanan Streets, but a very different class of vehicle. Then we follow some of the roads where the Germans have committed so much destruction in razing houses to the ground and in cutting down trees. Indeed, in retiring they have left the countryside bare, hardly allowing anything to escape. What they have been unable to loot they have destroyed. Instead of a settled, prosperous-looking country which France was before the war, this part looks more like a mining country in the Wild West of America. Every short distance are busy gangs of men repairing roads and removing debris, but the trees cannot again be the same to the landscape for generations.

We visit a part of the front, and, leaving the cars and putting on our helmets, go along reserve trenches well manned with strong, cheery young fellows, one of whom, on being told we are civilian visitors, tells us with a smile, "You're lucky." We hear there have been some casualties from German shells, and that reminds us we are again within range, but while we are there, while falling not far off, no shells come so near us as on the previous day.

We get on to the top of a knoll, and, lying down in the long grass, with a large-scale map, have positions pointed out to us by the officer. Away a mile or so to the right lies Bullecourt, and in front on a ridge a mile and a half distant is the Hindenburg line. But that is just beyond the top of the ridge, and we see nothing of it. We cannot go any nearer to it—at least, in daylight—so must take it for granted.

Exploring Ruins of Arras.

Returning to Arras, we explore some of the ruins of that historic city. The German shelling of the whole town has been terrific, and the fine old Cathedral has been a special target for Boche ruthlessness. The roof is hidden under a heap of debris six feet deep. The high altar is still there, but smashed and splintered, the fine marble and other stones of which it was built lying in pieces around.

The fine palace of the Bishop is also roofless and practically destroyed. One wonders what military advantage can possibly accrue to the Germans in this apparently wanton destruction of beautiful ecclesiastical buildings, and justice demands their restoration at the expense of the Hun iconoclasts.

We wander on through the streets, some cleared and some almost blocked up with fallen buildings, our hearts warming to the happy Tommies busy aiding in the good work of clearing up and cleaning up this fine old town, for it is one of the most ancient in Europe, coming down as it does from pre-Roman times. In the beautifully arcaded Petite and Grande Places are the gable-ended buildings, many destroyed but a sufficient number left to recall the period when the Netherlands and this part of France were under Spanish domination. In the Grande Place a German shell had cut a huge round hole right into one of the subterranean magazines, for which Arras is famous.

The remains of the Town Hall we visit, and also what was the handsome railway station, but the effect of street after street and square after square of shattered ruins leaves us mentally numb and wordless, and one can but picture even the men of Arras returning like Jews to Jerusalem to weep in the ruins.

The Ghost at the Chateau.

We leave Arras well on in the afternoon, and motor to a Seaforth resting camp, where again we are struck with the cheery confidence of both officers and men, but the talk is not of the war, which might not exist as far as that camp is concerned, for Harry Lauder and his concerts to the Tommies form the one topic. And when we hear of all Harry Lauder has done on his recent visit to our men in France we do not wonder, but realise his splendid work. Under the guise of a great comedian beats the heart of a real and leal Scot. Others than I must tell that story, but told it must be.

Returning late to the chateau, we find new arrivals, and in their midst the genial Count welcoming us back from our day's dusty travels as if we were old friends. At the supper table the day's experiences of the travellers are retold, and we hear of the ghost. What French chateau could be respectable without its ghost? "D——n the ghost!" expletived and exorcised a tired and sleepy man of the cloth, who had been a visitor some time before, and none of my party, I am sure, after a hard day in the sun had any "sense" or sympathy for ethereal midnight visitants. So our rest was undisturbed and probably undisturbable.

Next morning we start early, for we have a big day in front of us, with long motor runs.

Through St Pol we pass. On the left we see Mont St Eloy perched on the hill. Then through Arras again, and on down the long road with the felled trees lying on either side like stricken giants, and also on either side as far as the eye can reach we see acres and acres of Boche barbed wire criss-crossed in every direction and in every kind of tangle. It comes right home to us now in a way we did not appreciate before the merciless plight our men were in when they had to snip and fight their way through such obstacles. But that they did and surmounted as they are sure they will surmount anything else the German has or can do. "We've beat them already," said one Tommy to me. "We're top dogs now, and the Boche knows it."

The motor rushes on, now past horses, then past waggons; dodging a hole on one side of the road, dodging a heap of road metal on the other. Our driver is an expert. He slows, puts on the brakes to save a stray dog. I compliment him afterwards. War is brutal, but here is a man who has been two years in the midst of it who is not brutalised, but has a tender heart for the dumb animal.

Traces of the Huns' Desecration.

We mount a rise and draw up in another wrecked town—Bapaume. Here we find a miniature Arras, shattered, torn, and smashed. It is the same story of destruction and desolation over again. Not a house intact. Gaping holes in walls and roofs and streets. Little ruined homes in hundreds, but the tomeless, where are they?

New signposts in English—"This street for carts," "This street for motors," and "Street closed." British policemen in khaki directing and controlling the traffic, and this in a foreign though friendly land! But the Boches have also left their spoor. Over entrances to basements one could read in chalk or paint, "Keller fur 4 mannen," "Keller fur 8 mannen," "Keller fur funf," and signposts, "Nach Cambrai," "Nach Peronne," "Verboden," and so on. German is not a pretty language, but here on the doorposts of these little French domiciles it strikes one as sheer, ugly desecration. The French will wash off the chalk and the paint, but they will not forget. The German insults sting as well as their cruelties. There is some slender satisfaction to the French to remember that they won the battle of Bapaume in 1871, and compelled the Germans to withdraw behind the Somme. But nigh half a century has passed, and then France was crushed, and the satisfaction is very slender. From Bapaume we proceed through a country bearing signs of devastation in all directions. Houses wrecked, trees down, fields and roads cut up with trenches and shell craters—the whole fair land a mass of wounds. We draw up in Greviliers, and clamber along a wrecked road and rough country to a German cemetery. Here at least seems rest and peace. During the German occupation the graves have been well and neatly kept. All the graves have little wooden fences, and most have flowers. Some have wreaths of iron, all have wooden crosses, all are inscribed "Hier ruht in Gott," then such names as Musk Maier V., Musk Schwartz, Musk Kindscher, Musk Bister. Side by side "Hier ruht in Gott" "Ein Englisher Soldat Hegarty, 5 Royal Dublin Fusiliers. Gefallen." But in the whole cemetery there are only two or three British graves. Adjacent is the village cemetery, here and there torn open by shell craters.

German Gun Emplacement in Village Cemetery.

Returning to the motors, we go on to Miraumont, a village which has been largely constructed of timber and plaster buildings. The timber standards and timber roofing remain in all kinds of positions, up and down. The plaster walls and thatch or slates or whatever the roof coverings were have all been blown away by shell-fire. Not a single house remains. Here a German sniper's helmet is found, so battered in the crown as to suggest that its wearer was overcome, like De Bohun at Bannockburn, by a blow on the head.

Crossing through the village, we climb up to Petite Miraumont, and come on a large concrete block. It is a German gun emplacement, which the Germans have not had time to finish, for some of the wood planking remains. Bethmann Hollweg's principle that necessity knows no law applies here, for the emplacement was right in the middle of the village cemetery hidden amongst the trees and tombstones. Shells have rent this God's acre and made it a horror. We leave it with feelings which may be imagined, and return to the motors. One large crater has a farmer's smashed waggon in it, another has smashed household furniture. Are the Huns fiends of hell let loose to harry both the quick and the dead? Is civilisation a myth? Can there be peace on earth and goodwill amongst men till the wolves are crushed?

We spend some more time amongst the ruins of the wooden-framed houses of Miraumont, then return to the motors and pass on to the westward.

NEXT WEEK

Mr D. C. Thomson will give his impressions of the region of the Ancre and of a tour through the captured underground defences of Beaumont Hamel.

GERMAN FOOD RIOTS.

198 Persons Sentenced at Dusseldorf.

Copenhagen, Saturday.

The frontier paper Ribes Tidende reports that a Court of Justice in Hamburg dealt with a case against twenty-five persons, who are accused of rebellion, theft, and damage of goods and materials. Eleven persons were sentenced to from three to nine months' imprisonment

At Dusseldorf, 158 persons have been sentenced for participation in riots. Most of them were sentenced to terms up to one year.

The Trades Union of Dusseldorf have adopted a resolution regretting the food riots, and requesting the Court of Justice not to treat the delinquents too severely.

BEGIN TO-DAY—Remarkable Up-to-Date Tale of the Secret Service.

THE GIRL FROM NEW YORK

A Tale of the Secret Service: By E. Phillips Oppenhei

The Beginning of the Story.

Pamela Van Teyl, a beautiful American girl, is one of a party at lunch at Henry's, a fashionable London hotel. Luncheon is delayed until the arrival of **Captain Graham.** On arriving at the hotel Graham proclaims, at the top of his voice, that he has just discovered a powerful new explosive, and has got the formula in his pocket-book.

John Lutchester, a languid Englishman, takes Graham to the dressing-room to wash his hands, and leaves him there. Afterwards it is found that Graham has mysteriously disappeared.

Oscar Fischer, an American millionaire of German origin, who had engaged in conversation with Pamela, is responsible for Graham's disappearance.

After the break-up of the luncheon party, Pamela obtains information that there is a secret way from the dressing-room at Henry's hotel to the wine cellars. She obtains the key to the cellar after a struggle with

Joseph, the head musician.

Graham, who is a prisoner in the cellar, is interviewed by Oscar Fischer. A search through Graham's clothing fails to produce the formula. Fischer threatens Graham with death unless he writes out another copy of it. He gives the young inventor ten minutes to decide, and leaves him. Lutchester appears on the scene and assists Graham to escape.

Pamela shortly afterwards is on board the Lapland, bound for New York, and discovers that Fischer is also a passenger on the same boat. The fair American is aware that Fischer has searched her luggage but failed to find the formula. Fischer proposes marriage to Pamela, but is turned down. In New York

Nikasti, a Japanese, waits on James Van Teyl, Pamela's brother, at the Hotel Plaza, and tells him that he has been engaged to wait upon Mr Fischer and him for a few days.

Fischer threatens that unless Van Teyl induces his sister to part with the formula he will have Van Teyl arrested for forgery.

CHAPTER X. (Continued.)

VAN TEYL looked almost piteously around. Life seemed suddenly to have become an unreal thing—the crowds of well-dressed diners, the gentle splashing of the water from the fountains in the winter-garden, the distant murmuring of music from behind the canopy of palms. So this was the end of it! All that week he had hoped against hope. He had been told of a sure thing. Next week he had meant to have a great gamble. Everything was to have gone his way, after all. And now it was too late. Fischer knew, and Fischer was a cruel man! . . .

The unnatural silence came to an end. Only Fischer's voice seemed to come from a long way off.

"Drink your wine, James Van Teyl," he advised, "and listen to me. You've been under obligations to me from the start. I meant you to be. I brought a great business to your firm, and I insisted upon having you interested. I had a motive, as I have for most things I do. You are well placed socially in New York, and I am not. You are also above suspicion, which I am not. It suited me to take this suite in the Plaza, nominally in our joint names, but to pay the whole account myself. It suited me because I required the shelter of your social position. You understand?"

"I always understood," Van Teyl muttered.

"Just so. Only, whereas you simply thought me a snob, I had in reality a different and very definite purpose. We come now, however, to your present obligation to me. I can, if I choose, tear up your forged transfer, submit to the loss of my money, and leave you secure. I shall do so if you are able to induce your sister to hand over to me those few lines of writing—to which, believe me, she has no earthly right—and to accept me as a prospective suitor."

Van Teyl was drinking steadily now, but every mouthful of food seemed almost to choke him. Red-eyed and defiant, he faced his torturer.

"You're talking rot!" he declared. "Pamela wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth, and if she's got anything she wants to keep, she'll keep it."

"And see her brother disgraced," Fischer reminded him, "tried at the City Hall for theft and sent to Sing Sing? It's a good name in New York, yours, you know. The Van Teyls have held up their heads high for more than one generation. Your sister will not fancy seeing it dragged down into the mire."

For a single moment the young man seemed about to throw himself upon his companion. Fischer, perfectly unmoved, watched him, nevertheless, like a cat.

"Better sit tight," he enjoined. "Drop it now or people will be watching us. I have ordered some of the old brandy. A liqueur or two will steady you, perhaps. Afterwards we will go upstairs and take your sister into our confidence."

Van Teyl nodded.

"Very well," he agreed hoarsely. "We'll hear what Pamela has to say."

CHAPTER XI.

Nikasti, with a low bow, watched the disappearance of the lift into which his two new masters, James Van Teyl and Oscar Fischer, had stepped. He waited until the indicator registered its safe arrival on the ground floor. Then he slowly retraced his steps along the corridor, entered the sitting-room and took up the telephone receiver, which was still lying upon the table.

"Will you give me number 77," he asked —"Miss Van Teyl's suite?"

There was a moment's silence — then a voice at the other end to which he made obeisance.

"It is Miss Van Teyl who speaks? I am Mr Van Teyl's valet. Mr Van Teyl is here now and will be glad if you will come in."

He replaced the receiver, listened and waited. In a few moments there was the sound of a light footstep outside. The door was opened and Pamela entered. She was still wearing the grey tailor-made costume in which she had left the steamer.

"Why, where is Mr Van Teyl?" she asked, looking around the room. "I have been ringing up for the last ten minutes and couldn't get any answer. I did not realise that it was the next suite."

"Mr Van Teyl is close at hand, madam," Nikasti replied. "If you will kindly be seated, I will fetch him."

"How long have you been valet here?" Paloma asked curiously.

"For a few hours only, madam," was the grave reply. "If you will be so good as to wait."

He bowed low and left the room. Pamela took up an evening paper, and for a few minutes buried herself in its contents. Then suddenly she held it away from her and listened. A queer and unaccountable impulse inspired her with a certain mistrust. There was no sound of movement in the adjoining bedchamber, nor any sign of her brother's presence. She opened the door and peered in. It was empty and in darkness. Then, moved by that same unaccountable impulse, she crossed the room and listened at the door which led into her own suite, and which she perceived was bolted on this side as well as her own. She listened at first idly, afterwards breathlessly. In a few moments she was convinced that her senses were not playing her false. Some one was moving stealthily about in her room, the key to which was even at that moment in her hand. She hastened to the door, to be confronted by another surprise. The handle turned but the door refused to open. She was locked in.

Pamela was both generous and insistent in the matter of bells. She found four, and she rang them all together. The consequences were speedy, and in their way satisfactory. Nikasti himself, a breathless chambermaid, a hurt but dignified waiter, and the floor valet, who had not even stopped to put on his coat, entered together. They seemed a little stupefied at finding Pamela alone and no signs of any disturbance.

"Why was I locked in here?" Pamela demanded indignantly, taking them en bloc.

There was a little chorus of non-comprehension. Nikasti stepped forward, waved to the others to be silent, and bowed almost to the ground.

"It was a mistake easily to be understood, madam," he explained. "The handle is a little stiff, perhaps, but the door was not locked. We all reached here together, I myself barely a yard in advance. No key was used—and behold!"

Pamela was disposed to argue, but a moment's reflection induced her to change her mind. This falsehood of Nikasti's was at least interesting. She waved the hotel servants away.

"I am sorry to have troubled you," she said. "I will remember it when I pay my bill."

They took their leave, Nikasti showing them out. When the last had departed, he turned back to the centre table, from the other side of which Pamela was watching him curiously.

"I cannot imagine," she remarked, "how I could have made such a mistake about the door. I tried it twice or three times, and it certainly seemed to me to be locked."

Nikasti moved a step nearer towards her. Something of the servility of his manner had gone. For the first time she looked at him closely, appreciated the tense immobility of his features, the still, penetrating light of his cold eyes. A queer premonition of trouble for a moment unsteadied her.

"There was no mistake," he said softly. "The door was locked."

Even then she did not understand the position. She leaned a little towards him.

"It was locked?" she repeated.

"I locked it," he told her. "It is locked now, securely. I have been searching in your room for something which I did not find. I think that you had better give it to me. It will save trouble."

"Are you mad?" she demanded breathlessly.

"Do I seem so?" he replied. "There is no person more sane than I. I require from you the formula of the new explosive, which you stole in Henry's restaurant eleven days ago."

The sense of mystery passed. It was simply trouble of the ordinary sort from an unexpected source.

"Dear me!" she murmured. "Everyone seems interested in my little adventure. How did you hear about it?"

"I destroyed the cable telling me of all that happened only a few minutes ago," he explained. "It was the foolish talk of the young inventor which gave his secret to the world to scramble for."

"It was very clever of your informant," she remarked, "to suggest that I was the fortunate thief. Why not Oscar Fischer? It was his plot, not mine."

The eyes of the little Japanese seemed suddenly to narrow. He realised quite well that she was talking simply to gain time.

"Madam," he insisted, "the formula. It is for my country, and for my country I would risk much."

"I do not doubt it," she replied; "but if I hold it, I hold it for my country, too, and there is nothing you would risk for Japan from which I should shrink for America."

He laid his hands upon the table. She turned her ring and clenched her hand. She could see his spring coming, realised in those few seconds that here was an opponent of more desperate and subtle calibre than Joseph. Whether her wits might have failed her, fate remained her friend. There was a knock at the door.

"You hear?" she cried breathlessly. "There is someone there. Shall I call out?"

His hands and knees were gone from the table. He was once more his old self, so completely the servant that for a moment even Pamela was puzzled. It seemed as though the events of the last few seconds might have been part of a disordered dream. Nikasti played to the cue of her fevered question, and entirely ignored them. He opened the door with a respectful flourish—and John Lutchester walked in.

Chapter XII.

Pamela's first shock of surprise did not readily pass. In the first place, John Lutchester's appearance in America at all was entirely unexpected. In the second, by what possible means could he have arrived at this precise and psychological moment?

"You!" she exclaimed, a little helplessly. "Mr Lutchester!"

He smiled as he shook hands. Nikasti had slipped noiselessly from the room. Pamela made no effort to detain him. She had a curious feeling that the things which had passed between them concerned their two selves only. She had no desire whatever to hand him over to retributive justice.

"You are surprised," he observed. "So far as my presence here is concerned, I knew quite well that I was coming some time ago, but it was one of those matters, you understand, Miss Van Teyl, that one is scarcely at liberty to talk about. I am here in connection with my work."

"Your work," she repeated weakly. "I thought that you were in the Ministry of Munitions?"

"Precisely," he admitted. "I have a travelling inspectorship. You see, I don't mind telling you this, but it is just as well, if you will forgive my mentioning it, Miss Van Teyl, that these things are not spoken of to anyone. My business over here is supposed to be a secret. I am going round some of the factories from which we are drawing supplies."

She drew a long breath, and began to feel a little more like herself.

"Well, after this," she declared, "I shall be surprised at nothing. I have had one shock already this evening, and you are the second."

"The first, I trust, was not disagreeable?" She shrugged her shoulders.

"Without flattering you," she answered, "I think I could say that I prefer the second."

"I had an idea," Lutchester remarked diffidently, "that my arrival seemed either opportune or inopportune — I could not quite tell which. Were you in any way troubled or embarrassed by the presence of the little Japanese gentleman?"

"Of course not," she replied. "Why, he is Jimmy's valet."

"How absurd of me!" Lutchester murmured. "By the bye, if Jimmy is your brother—Mr Van Teyl—I have a letter to him from a pal in town—Dicky Green. It was to present it that I found my way up here this evening. I was told that he might put me in the way of a little golf during my spare time over here."

He produced the note and laid it upon the table. Pamela glanced at it and then at Lutchester. He was carefully dressed in dinner-clothes, black tie and white waistcoat. He was, as usual, perfectly groomed and immaculate. He had what she could only describe to herself as an everyday air about him. He seemed entirely free from any mental pressure or the wear and tear of great events.

"Golf?" she repeated wonderingly. "You expect to have a little spare time, then?"

"Well, I hope so," Lutchester replied. "One must have exercise. By the bye," he went on, "is your brother in, do you happen to know? Perhaps it would be more convenient if I came round in the morning? I am staying in the hotel."

"Oh, for goodness sake, don't go away," she begged. "Jimmy will be here presently, for certain. To tell you the truth, we have been rather playing hide-and-seek this evening, but it hasn't been altogether his fault. Please sit down over there—you will find cigarettes on the sideboard — and talk to me."

"Delighted," he agreed, taking the chair opposite to her. "I suppose you want to know what became of poor Graham?"

A sudden bewilderment appeared in her face. She leaned towards him. Her forehead was knitted, her eyes puzzled. There was a new problem to be solved.

"Why, Mr Lutchester," she demanded, "how on earth did you get here?"

"Across the Atlantic," he replied amiably. "But too far for the other way round."

"Yes, but what on?" she persisted. "I went straight on to The Lapland after we parted last week, and only arrived here an hour or so ago. There was no other passenger steamer sailing for three days."

"I was a stowaway," he told her confidentially—"helped to shovel coals all the way over."

"Don't talk nonsense!" she protested a little sharply. "I dislike mysteries. Look at you! A stowaway, indeed! Tell me the truth at once!"

He leaned forward in his chair towards her. An ingenious smile parted his lips. He had the air of a schoolboy imparting a mischievous secret.

"The fact is, Miss Van Teyl," he confided, "I don't want it talked about, you know, but I had a joy ride over"

"A what?"

"A joy ride," he repeated. "A cousin of mine is in command of a destroyer, and she was under orders to sail for New York. He hadn't the slightest right, really, to bring a passenger, as she was coming over on a special mission, but I had word about the trip over here, so I slipped on board late one night—not a word to anyone, you understand—and—well, here I am. A more awful voyage," he went on impressively, "you couldn't imagine. I was sore all over within twenty-four hours of starting. There's practically no deck on these things, you know, for sitting out or anything of that sort. The British Navy's nowhere for comfort, I can tell you. The biggest liner for me, going back!"

Pamela was still a little dazed. Lutchester's story did not sound in the least convincing. For the moment, however, she accepted his account of himself.

"Tell me now," she begged, "about Captain Graham?"

"You haven't heard, then?"

"I have heard nothing. How should I hear?"

"I took him straight back to my rooms after we left you," Lutchester began. "He was in an awful state of nerves and drugs and drink. Then I put him to bed as soon as I could, and rang up a pal of mine at the War Office to take him in hand."

"Do you believe," she asked curiously, "that he had really been robbed of his formula?"

"Those amiable people who were interviewing him in the chapel seemed to think so," Lutchester observed.

"But you. What do you think?" she persisted.

He smiled in superior fashion.

"I find it rather hard to bring myself to believe that anyone would take the trouble," he confided. "I have heard it said in my department that there have been thirty-one new explosives invented since the beginning of the war. Two of them only are in use, and they're not much better than the old stuff."

Pamela nodded understandingly.

"All the same," she remarked, "I am not at all sure that was the case with Captain Graham's invention. There were rumours for days before that something wonderful was happening on Salisbury Plain. They had to cover up whole acres of ground after his last experiments, and a man who was down there told me that it seemed just as though the life had been sucked out of it."

"Where did you collect all this information?" her visitor inquired.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"One hears everything in London."

Lutchester was sitting with his finger tips pressed together. For a moment his attention seemed fixed upon them.

"There are things," he said, "which one hears, too, in the far corners of the world—on the Atlantic, for instance."

"You have had some news?" she interrupted.

"It is really a private piece of information," he told her, "and it won't be in the papers—not the way the thing happened, anyway—but I don't suppose there's any harm in telling you, as we are both more or less mixed up in the affair. Graham was shot the next day, on his way to Northumberland."

"Shot?" she exclaimed incredulously.

"Murdered, if you'd like the whole thrill," Lutchester continued. "Of course, we didn't get many particulars in the wireless, but we gathered that he was shot by someone passing him in a more powerful car on a lonely stretch of the Great North Road."

Pamela shuddered. She was for the moment profoundly impressed. A certain air of unreality which had hung over the events of that night was suddenly banished. The whole tragedy rose up before her eyes. The effect of it was almost stupefying.

"Gave me quite a shock," Lutchester confided. "Somehow or other I had been able to take that night quite [illegible]. There was more than a dash of mi[illegible] in it, wasn't there? Seems now as though these fellows must have been in earnest though."

"And as though Captain Graham's formula," she reminded him gravely, "was the real thing."

"Whereupon," Lutchester [illegible] "our first interest in the affair [illegible] certain stimulus. Someone stole the formula. To judge from the behaviour of the amiable gentlemen connected with Henry's Restaurant, it wasn't they. Someone had been before them. Have you any theories, Miss Van Teyl?"

"I can tell you who has," she replied. "Do you remember when we were grouped around that notice—Mefiez-vous! Taisez-vous! Les oreilles ennemies écoutent! ?"

"Of course I do," he assented.

"Do you remember Baron Sunyea making a remark afterwards? He had been standing by and heard everything Graham said."

"Can't say that I do," Lutchester regretted, "but I remember seeing him about the place."

"You promise to say or do nothing without my permission, if I tell you something?" she went on.

"Naturally!"

"See, then, how diplomacy of secret service work, or whatever you like to call it, can gather the ends of the world together. Only a quarter of an hour ago that Japanese valet of my brother's, having searched our rooms in vain, demanded from me that formula!"

"From you?" Lutchester gasped. "But you haven't got it!"

"Of course not. On the other hand Baron Sunyea pitched upon me as being one of the possible thieves, and cabled his instructions over."

"Have you got it?" he asked abruptly.

"If I had," she smiled, "I should not tell you."

"But come," he expostulated, "that thing's no use to you."

"So Baron Sunyea evidently thought," she laughed. "We'll leave that, if you don't mind."

Lutchester was still looking a little bewildered.

"I had an idea when I came in," he stammered, "that things were a little scrappy between you and the Japanese gentleman."

She was suddenly serious.

"Now that I have told you the truth," she said, "I really ought to thank you. You certainly seem to have a knack of appearing when you are wanted."

"Fluke this time, I'm afraid," he acknowledged, "but I rather like the suggestion. You ought to see a great deal of me, Miss Van Teyl. Do you realise that I am a stranger in New York, and any hospitality you can show me may be doubly rewarded. Are you going to take me round and show me the sights?"

"Are you going to have any time for sight-seeing?"

"Well, I hope so. Why not? A fellow can't do more than a certain number of hours' work in a day."

She looked at him curiously.

"And yet," she murmured, "you expect to win the war!"

"Of course we shall win the war," he assured her confidently. "You haven't a doubt about that yourself, have you, Miss Van Teyl?"

"I don't know," she told him calmly.

Lutchester was almost horrified. He rose to his feet and stood looking down at his companion.

"Tell me what on earth you mean," he demanded. "We always win in the long run, even if we muddle things about a little."

"I was just contrasting in my mind," she said thoughtfully, "some of the Germans I have met since the war with some of our Englishmen. They are taking it very seriously, you know, Mr Lutchester. They don't find time for luncheon parties or sightseeing."

"That's just their way," he protested. "They turn themselves into machines. They are what we used to call suckers at school, but you can take my word for it that before next autumn they will be on the run."

"You call them suckers," she observed. "That's because they're always working, always studying, always experimenting. Suppose they got hold of something like this new explosive?"

"First of all," he told her, "I don't believe in it, and, secondly, if it exists, the formula isn't in their hands."

"Supposing it is in mine?" she suggested.

"I might sell it to them."

"I'd trust you all the time," he laughed light-heartedly. "I can't see you giving leg-up to the Huns. . . . Will you lunch with me at one o'clock to-morrow, please?"

"Certainly not," she replied. "You must attend to your work, whatever it is."

"That's all very well," he grumbled, "but everyone has an hour off for luncheon."

"People who win wars don't lunch," she declared severely. "Here's Jimmy—I hear his voice—and he's brought some one with him. I'll—let you know about lunch."

The door opened. James Van Teyl and Fischer entered together.

Do not miss the continuation of this story in next week's "Post Sunday Special."

SCOTTISH PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

By Our Special Commissioner.

Staunch Friend at Maryhill.

Lafayette.

At Maryhill Barracks, Glasgow, there is no more familiar figure than that of Mrs Scott Matheson, the popular president of the Soldiers' Concert Party, a talented combination that has provided many bright hours for the wounded men in the hospitals and convalescent homes in and around the second City. For a period of sixteen years Mrs Matheson carried on valuable social work among girls. At present she is convener of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Club, situated in New City Road.

Stirling War Worker.

One of the busiest ladies in Stirling is Miss Tasker. Since the outbreak of war she has been putting in a great amount of work for the A. and S.H. Prisoners of War

Lafayette.

fund, of which she is honorary secretary and treasurer. She also acts as secretary of the Stirlingshire Work Depot. Notwithstanding her arduous duties she finds time to maintain a company of Girl Guides. Miss Tasker, who is a daughter of Captain John Tasker, late of the Royal Artillery, is interested in philanthropic work, and has frequently taken part in amateur theatricals. In the piping days of peace she was a keen golfer, having played for Stirlingshire in the ladies' county matches.

Greenock's Chamberlain Retires.

By the retirement of Mr Thomas D. Murrich, town chamberlain, Greenock loses one of its oldest and most capable officials. In the realms of finance he was an expert, and enjoyed the full confidence of the Corporation and the community generally. In his day Mr M'Murrich was an enthusiastic Volunteer, and took no mean place among the marksmen of the old 1st R.V., in which he held the rank of captain. He did much to promote the efficiency of the battalion, and his own company was always to the fore in the big shooting competitions.

The New First Lord of the Admiralty.

Sir Eric Geddes, K.C.B., is closely associated with the "Granite City." He is a grandson of the late Dr Anderson, of the Old Aberdeen Grammar School or Gymnasium, an institution famed for sending out lads in whom thoroughness and promptitude of action was characteristic. It was in Edinburgh, however, that Sir Eric received the bulk of his education. His methodical qualities doubtless attracted the attention of Mr Lloyd George to the then deputy general manager of the North Eastern Railway when the Ministry of Munitions was being formed, and subsequently when he became Director-General of Military Railways at the War Office, and then Director-General of Transportation on Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig's Staff in France. He is a nephew by marriage of Mr John Clarke, lecturer on education in Aberdeen University.

Ironmaster's Military Appointment.

Mr Hugh Martin, Dundyvan Ironworks, Coatbridge, has just been appointed Sub-Area Substitution Officer under the National Service Department. A well-known individual in the "iron ring," he is universally recognised as a man of great resourcefulness and ingenuity. In addition to attending to his extensive business affairs, he finds time in the interests of the country to represent the employers of labour on the Coatbridge Military Tribunal, and is also Commandant of the Coatbridge Volunteer Corps Motor Section. Occasionally he is wont to cast a fly in quest of a salmon or trout on Scotia's lovely lochs. Mr Martin is an all-round sportsman.

£1300 in Threepences for War Funds.

To have garnered in £1300 in threepenny offerings for various war funds is the proud record of a Govan working man, Mr Duncan M. Bremner, 97 Elderpark Street, who has just concluded, in collaboration with Miss I. B. Bell, Govan, his latest effort on behalf of prisoners of war and the wounded soldiers at Merryflatts War Hospital, Govan, as a result of which a sum of £666 12s has been equally divided between the two objects mentioned.

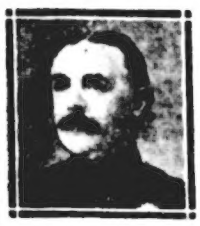
"Some" Subscription Sales.

Inspired by the success of his threepenny concerts, Mr Bremner hit on the notion of a threepenny subscription sale, and his first huge venture in this line resulted in the large sum of £575 being handed over on behalf of the Merryflatts wounded. Miss Bell then approached Mr Bremner in the matter of another sale on behalf of the prisoners of war and the wounded men, and this effort resulted in £666 12s being realised after meeting all expenses. In addition to these efforts, Mr Bremner also raised upwards of £120 as a result of two "bottle and jar" collections in Govan. Amidst all his war activities he finds time for the duties of a special constable, is a leader of the Housing Association in Govan, a prominent church worker.

From Drumtocher to Hong Kong.

Mr Wm. Lucas Handyside, M.A., who left Duntocher a few years ago for the "Land of the Rising Sun," has "made good" in China, where he is now history master and librarian in Queen's College, the chief Government school in Hong Kong. A man of varied interests, Mr Handyside is a vocalist, a clever instrumentalist, one of the leading lights in amateur theatricals, prominent as a footballer, cricketer, swimmer, and tennis player, while he also manages to "do his bit" in a quiet way as a gunner in the local volunteer corps.

Hamilton Architect's Patriotism.



The outstanding tit-bit of public news in Hamilton during the week is that, owing to the exigencies of the war, and the part that he and his chief assistants have been called to play in it, Colonel Gavin Paterson, an architect by profession in the Ducal town, has been compelled to temporarily close his business office. Colonel Paterson, prior to the war, was a prominent Territorial officer, and since the fateful 4th August, 1914, he has had command of home service battalions. He is a son of the late Provost Paterson, Hamilton, and joined the Volunteers—the 2d V.B. S.R.—as far back as 1888. His chief assistant, Mr W. R. Buchanan, well known as an amateur Thespian, joined the colours this week.

Lanarkshire's Housing Reformer.

It was strikingly appropriate that when Lanarkshire's representative deputation interviewed the Secretary for Scotland the other day on that very pressing and urgent problem with which Scotland's "black county" is faced—housing—pride of place should have been given to Mr James Tonner, the well-known miners' agent from Cambuslang. Not inaptly Mr Tonner has been called "the housing reformer of Lanarkshire," and certainly since he took his seat on the Lanark County Council he has laboured unceasingly to promote his pet scheme of public utility.

The British Industries Fair.

I ran up against Mr James M. Freer the other afternoon, and was glad to hear that everything goes well in connection with the arrangements for the British Industries Fair to be held at Glasgow in the early spring of next year. As recently noted in these columns, he has again been appointed by Glasgow Corporation as the general manager of the "Fair." Mr Freer tells me that at the coming "Fair" the textile and allied trades will once again play a very prominent part, while boots and shoes will also be well in evidence.

A Popular Forewoman.

Mrs Agnew Wilkie, of Glasgow, has just been honoured by the female workers in the employment of Messrs David Colville & Sons, at one of their works, where she fulfils the duties of principal forewoman. The gift has taken the form of a wristlet watch. The girls under her charge are engaged in a variety of occupations. I am told Mrs Wilkie has a fine faculty for commanding discipline, and has earned the respect of the workers by her unfailing tact and consideration.

From Bench to Boardroom.

Mr Hugh Campbell, the secretary of the Cowlairs Co-Operative Society for the past 25 years, has been elected a director of the Scottish Wholesale, a post that will claim the whole of his time and attention. For a good many years he has been employed as a joiner with the United Co-Operative Baking Society. He is not the only man in the movement who has graduated from the bench to the Board Room, for, if I mistake not, the present chairman of the directors of the S.C.W.S. was formerly a joiner in their building department.

Classical Master and Soldier.

Mr Alex. John Marr, who has just obtained his commision in the Seaforth Highlanders, was classical master in Forres Academy before war broke out. He has seen some active service in the ranks of the Royal Scots, and was wounded, but not seriously. At Aberdeen University, where he graduated, he had a distinguished career. His home is in Ellon in Aberdeenshire.

Glasgow's New Deacon Convener.

Mr William Beattie, who has been appointed the new Deacon Convener of the Trades House of Glasgow, is a familiar figure in the commercial capital. He is the dynamic force of the great Dennistoun Bakery, and only a few weeks ago was appointed to the presidency of the Scottish Association of Master Bakers. He owns a mansion on the uplands near Milngavie.

The Late Mrs Patrick Geddes

The sympathy of a wide circle of friends will be extended to Professor Patrick Geddes, of Edinburgh the distinguished scientist and traveller, whose accomplished wife has passed away under very trying circumstances. While on a visit to Calcutta she contracted and succumbed to a violent attack of fever. Mrs Geddes was the eldest daughter of Mr Frazer Morton, a Liverpool merchant, and was married in 1866. There are two sons and one daughter.

An Airdrie Administrator.

The ladies of Lanarkshire have taken a prominent part in building up the war

Lafayette.

agencies of the "Black Country." Among those who have assisted in the administration is Mrs D. M. Simpson, Colwyn, Airdrie, the joint honorary secretary of the Welfare Section of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association. Lately she has been much occupied with the work of the local Pensions Committee, for which she acts as secretary. Mrs Simpson is the eldest daughter of the late James Taylor, the founder of the firm of James Taylor (Wheatholm), Ltd., the well-known biscuit manufacturers. Her husband is headmaster of the Victoria Public School, Airdrie.

North Berwick's Provost.

In booming North Berwick the present civic chief, Provost M'Intyre, has played a significant part. Elected Provost in 1899, he has enjoyed the respect and confidence of his colleagues and the citizens ever since. Under his regime North Berwick has been enhanced by an improved water scheme, a safety swimming pond, and an excellent golf course known as the East Links. Although he directs one of the largest aerated water concerns in the country the Provost devotes much time to municipal affairs.

A Fine Soldier Family.

Sergeant Alexander M'Lennan, A. and S.H., who has won the D.C.M., comes of a family with a great record of service. Though comparatively a young man yet, he has 23 years' service with the colours, having joined at 13 years of age. His father was a sergeant in the famous old 93d Regiment. His great-grandfather served with the old Fencibles in the Irish Revolution, and later did duty with the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. A brother of Sergeant M'Lennan fell in the battle of the Aisne, while another brother, who fought in the Boer War, is now with the Canadian Artillery. Four uncles, with many years' service, joined up once more on the outbreak of this war. Two brothers-in-law had a joint period of service with the Cameron Highlanders which ran to 44 years, and one of these donned the uniform once more. Altogether, the family service totals up to 239 years. Sergeant M'Lennan has also one nephew and five cousins on active service. An Aberdonian, Sergt. M'Lennan was gardener to Captain Ure, Thornton House, Bonnybridge, Stirlingshire, when the call of country came to him to rejoin the ranks for this war. His master also went, and has been missing since the early days of the war. Sergt. M'Lennan's wife resides in Glasgow.

A Gaelic Vocalist.

Lafayette

Mrs Campbell M'Gregor, of Edinburgh, has been exceedingly busy of late working on behalf of Highland charities. She is a daughter of the late Rev. A. M'Intyre, Kilbranders, and a war widow. Her husband, Captain the Rev. J. Campbell M'Gregor, a Gaelic minister in the capital, was killed in action in Nov., 1916. Mrs M'Gregor is an accomplished Gaelic vocalist who has appeared at many benevolent functions in the interests of the Highlands and Highland soldiers.

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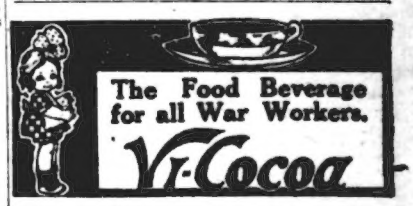

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LEADING THEATRICAL LIGHTS IN SCOTLAND THIS WEEK.

(1) VERNON WATSON, AT THE GLASGOW EMPIRE; (2) MISS NORA DELANY, AT THE GLASGOW COLISEUM; (3) JEN LATONA, AT THE GLASGOW COLISEUM; (4) MDLLE. YVONNE GRANVILLE, IN JAMES GLOVER'S FRENCH COMIC OPERA SEASON AT THE EDINBURGH LYCEUM; (5) MISS NINA BOUCICAULT, IN "WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES NINE" AT THE GLASGOW ALHAMBRA.

THE TRACK.

WHO WILL WIN?

Entries close to-morrow for the Glenpark Harriers' Annual. The Greenock club have done much for the cause of charity, and their meeting this year is in aid of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association. Entries can be lodged at F. A. Lumley's, 82 Sauchiehall Street, as usual.

The local boys always manage a prize at this meeting, but they are not so strong as in former years, and with the exception of the 100 up, I don't fancy their chance.

I have heard that Jimmy Wilson will win the distance event, and after his great performance at Steinford Bridge, where he ran third in a fast mile, there may be something in the tip.

Another club member who has been mentioned is Jamie Campbell, who won the two miles in such brilliant style at Ayr. But he was too liberally treated, and we can rest assured the handicapper had his eye on him.

Thats he can run there is no earthly doubt, but he does not strike me as a winner. On Saturday he will do well to get a place.

The 100 up will be a stern race all the time. Albert Ashley has been looked on as a probable winner for the past two seasons, but it never came off.

L. Osborne and he are the pick of the home lot, but the prize should come to Glasgow, and if not, Dumbarton will claim it, so that the fancied candidates down Greenock way are in for a rough journey.

Sergeant Gutteridge will be running some, with all his pals from the Fort to cheer him on. Billy is a big favourite with the local crowd, and his form at Ayr shows he is right up on top.

A DARK HORSE.

The half-mile, I am informed, will be won by a real novice, who has got plenty of pace. He must be a good runner to beat A. Mair (Bellahouston), who, I fancy, will run well. Willie Ross, the Edinburgh crack, always puts up a good performance, and he can be depended upon to make them move.

The five-aside tournament will be limited to four clubs, Cathie, Morton, Scots Fusiliers, and R.F.A. Both the military teams are made up of First Leaguers, and they should do well.

REGGIE WALKER AT SHAWFIELD.

Clyde F.C. bring off their annual junior five-a-side tournament on Tuesday evening, and, in addition, four flat events under amateur rules are down for decision. A good entry has been received, and all the backmarkers are out.

On Saturday they stage the annual professional meeting. Reggie Walker, the South African flier, will compete, and many will journey out to see the ex-Olympic champion against the "Blue Streak," Corporal Jack Donaldson and Charlie Meare.

Mr Commins was at Alva, yesterday, booking up the talent. George M'Crae, the Marathon champion, is a certain starter in the distance events, and he should have no difficulty in winning the two-mile handicap, always provided he is in good trim.

The management are hot on the track of a big line in the boxing world, and if it comes off well a huge gate is assured.

Barclay Curle's apprentices have arranged a big gala day at Yoker Athletic's ground on Saturday. A good entry has been received from the various departments, and tickets have been going well for some time. The drawings will be handed over to charity.

CARNIVAL AT IBROX.

Under the auspices of the Glasgow Wholesale Meat Trades, a sports meeting was held at Ibrox Park yesterday. Sprint and distance racing, Highland dancing, five-a-side football, and boxing comprised an excellent programme, and with the best of weather the call of the Limbless Soldiers' and Sailors' met with a grand response.

The opening event was the boys' (under fourteen) at the 100 yards' sprint. The heat winners were:—James Crawford, Saltcoats (2); John Scott, Govan (4); Gordon M'Kenzie, Glasgow (3); W. Aitken, Cranhill (9). Final—1 James Crawford, 2 Gordon M'Kenzie, 3 W. Aitken. Time, 12 3-5 secs. A plucky win for the Saltcoats boy, with a good turn of speed.

There was an absence of backmarkers in the open century sprint, 5 to 9½ yards covering the sprinters in the four heats. The limit man in the first heat, A. Thomson, B.H., (9½), got the verdict by inches in 11 seconds; second heat, J. R. Brownlie, unattached (7½), 11 1-5 secs.; third heat, J. M'Ilroy, M.H. (9½), 10 4-5 secs.; fourth heat, J. Christie, unattached, (8), 10 2-5 secs. Final—1 J. Christie, 2 J. M'Ilroy, 3 A. Thomson. Time—10 3-5 secs.

Only three competitors turned out in the final, J. R. Brownlie failing to toe his mark. It was a capital race, inches separating the first and second with the third placed a yard behind.

880 Yards Flat Race—1 W. Ross, E.N.H. (18); 2 J. M'Cormack, C.H. (50); 3 P. Logan, unattached (50). Ross took the lead on the straight, and won by four yards. Two yards 'twixt 2d and 3d.

One Mile Flat Race—1 F. M'Cormack, C.H. (100); 2 John Strain, S.H. (130); 3 W. Ross, E.N.H. (20). Time, 4 min. 34 secs. Won by ten yards. Good Smith 'twixt second and third. Ross, who had a sprint left at the finish, was too late in making his effort. He got a "stand" reception.

220 Yards Flat Race Handicap—First Heat—1 J. M'Ilroy, M.H. (18); 2 A. Forrester, Wellpark H. (20); time, 23 2-5 secs. Second Heat—1 A. Thomson, B.H. (18); 2 J. Ravenscroft, B.H. (14)—time, 23 3-5 secs. Third Heat—1 W. Scott, unattached (16); 2 W. Stobo, Paisley H. (16)—time, 24 secs. Final—1 J. M'Ilroy, 2 W. Scott, 3 A. Thomson—time, 23 2-5 secs. Won by a yard. Half-yard between second and third.

Dancing—Highland Fling (under 15 years)—1 J. Hunter, Glasgow; 2 Lizzie Yuill, Glasgow; 3 Phili Gripton, Largs. Irish Jig (under 15 years)—1 Agnes Campbell, Largs; 2 Bella Banks, Glasgow; 3 Isa Sommerville.

BOXING.

W. Alexander and W. M'Donald met in a four-round contest. M'Donald gave a lot away in weight, but it was a particularly lively encounter, Alexander netting the verdict at the finish.

Peter M'Laughlin, Motherwell, and J. Burns, of the Southern Athletic Club, followed on with a four-round bout. For his aggressive work in leading mainly, M'Laughlin was declared the winner.

W. Beattie, Parkhead, and Pal Kennedy, Clydebank's round of six was changed to four, when a so-so contest ended in no decision, owing to the equality in the four rounds. The last contest, between D. Beattie, Parkhead, and J. Gilmour, Glasgow, was the best of the bunch. The hitting was hard, and the result given, a draw, did not please the crowd. Beattie was down twice for a count, and this in itself merited a verdict for the Glasgow boxer.

A GAME OF FIVES.

Celtic (Dodds, Browning, Brodie, M'Call, and M'Lean) v. St Mirren (Walls, Pollock, Pringle, Higginbotham, and Marshall)—Celts quickly drove home, Browning being the "pusher" from long range, and M'Coll followed with another, and before the cross-over Brodie had a third. Celts won easily by three goals to nil, and entered the second round. There was only one game in the first round.

Queen's Park (Neilson, Cowan, Cresswell, Bennie, and Allan Morton) v. Military Five (Brownlie, Fletcher, Waddell, Scott Duncan, and Walker)—Queen's made siccar right away, Bennie scoring from Morton's pass, Frank Walker, after grand play, equalised, and at the turn-over the teams were pesia. Cowan took the lead from a free kick, which "J. B." couldn't reach, and Waddell again drew level. Queen's won the tie, a corner forced by Allan Morton deciding the issue—2 goals 1 corner to 2 goals.

Rangers (M'Queen, Waddell, Bowie, Gordon, and Lawson) v. Hamilton Academicals (M'Lellan, Greenhorn, Burns, Ambler, and Millar)—Rangers were early on the count, Sergeant Gordon walking through the first goal. Millar equalised. All square at the interval. Gordon played good footer if we except his finishing, but he made amends with another grand goal. Rangers were good winners by 2 goals to 1.

Clyde (Watson, Farrell, Daly, Chambers, and Fulton) v. Ayr United (Nisbet, Cringan, Brock, Steel, and Crosbie)—Fulton scored for Clyde, and the Ayr boys missed a pinch chance. Then Clyde forced a corner, and Brock had a grand goal for Ayr, and the teams turned over, Clyde holding a corner lead. Ayr were unlucky to lose. Result—Clyde, 1 goal 1 corner; Ayr United, 1 goal.

Celtic v. Scottish Rifles (Corporal Caird, Corporal Halkett, Sergeant Jennings, Corporal Quinn, and Sergeant Cairns)—Celts opened through M'Lean popped two goals past the Rifles' keeper. The soldiers were outclassed, and Browning scored a fine goal in second period, Celts winning by three goals.

Semi-Final—Rangers v. Queen's—Bowie and Lawson had a hand in Rangers' first goal, and as the "gun" went Lawson added a second. Rangers played clever football, and Lawson made no error with a third goal. The Govanites were good winners.

Celtic v. Clyde—This tie was brimful of excitement, the "Reds" showing all the pluck. Celts failed to get through, and led at the cross-over by a single corner. Celts were penalised, and Fulton scored with a magnificent shot. There was a lot of feeling in the game, and the crowd shouted for "relegation." Celts were unable to make up the leeway, and Clyde won by 1 goal to 1 corner.

RANGERS WIN.

Rangers v. Clyde—Chambers scored for Clyde, who led to the last kick by 1 goal against 2 corners, when Gordon went through for a goal.

The judges were:—Messrs Lumley, Crichton, Macdiarmid, Currie, and Hayes. Mr William Struth was starter, and S. J. Cornish acted as clerk of the course. The prize presentation was made by Lady Primrose.

Gate drawings—£250.

EGLINTON'S EFFORT.

Eglinton Harriers had a bright gathering at Victoria Park, Saltcoats, yesterday afternoon. This is the second venture of the Eglinton boys, and their effort was rewarded by glorious weather and a very good attendance, there being something like 5000 present. The feature of the afternoon was a one-mile relay race between teams from Bellahouston, Glenpark, Shettleston, Maryhill, and Eglinton Harrier clubs, and a team from the O.T.B., Gailes. Bellahouston won after a spirited struggle.

J. B. Bell, who gave great assistance to his club in the relay item, did not turn out in the final of the quarter nor did he run in his heat in the 220 handicap.

Results:—

100 Yards Handicap (confined)—First Heat—J. H. Longmuir (2½ yds.). Time—11 secs.

Second Heat—J. Bird (scratch). Time—10 4-5 secs.

Third Heat—W. G. Weir (2 yds.). Time—10 4-5 secs.

Fourth Heat—A Gaw (3 yds.). Time—11 secs.

Final—1 Weir, 2 Bird, 3 Longmuir Time—10 4-5 secs.

100 Yards Handicap (open)—First Heat—W. Wilson (S.H.) (4 yds.), and R. Speirs, (C.H.) (8 yds.)—dead heat. Time—10 4-5 secs.

Second Heat—J. B. M. Steele (E.H.) (8½ yds.). Time—10 4-5 secs.

Third Heat—Sergeant Gutteridge, R.S.F. (2 yds.). Time—11 secs.

Fourth Heat—J. B. Bell (B.H.) (2 yds.) Time—10 1-5 secs.

Fifth Heat—W. A. Binnie (S.H.) (9 yds.). Time—10 3-5 secs.

Sixth Heat—J. L. Neilson (B.H.) (9½ yds.). Time—10 2-5 secs.

Wilson and Speirs ran off their dead heat, and the result was again a dead heat. Wilson won the toss, and ran in final, but was unplaced.

Final—1 Neilson, 2 Bell, 3 Steele. Time—10 1-5 secs. Won by inches; good third.

Half-Mile Novice Handicap (confined)—1 G. W. Morrison (5 yds.), 2 H. Laverty (35 yds.), 3 R. N. Scott (30 yds.) Time—2 min. 11 1-5 secs. Morrison won by five yards; ten yards between second and third.

Two Miles Walking Handicap—1 R. H. Matthews, E.H. (140 yds.); 2 R. B. West, E.H. (170); 3 P. Farmer, M.H. (230). Time—16 min. 38 4-5 secs. Won by five yards; same distance between second and third.

440 Yards Handicap—First Heat—1 J. B. Bell, B.H. (6 yds.); 2 J. M. Mackay, C.H. (33). Time—54 2-5 secs. Second Heat—1 S. Small, B.H. (14); 2 J. F. Weir, B.H. (10). Time—56 1-5 secs. Third Heat—1 Col.-Sergeant M. G. Turnbull, S.H. (33); 2 G. S. Summers, R.H. (27). Time—54 2-5 secs. Fourth Heat—1 Cadet W. Carr, O.T.B. (16); 2 G. W. Morrison, E.H. (34). Time—54 2-5 secs. Final—1 Small, 2 Mackay, 3 Morrison. Time—54 2-5 secs. Won by three yards; same distance between second and third. J. B. Bell did not turn out in the final.

One Mile Handicap (open)—1 W. R. Bannatyne, E.H. (70); 2 G. H. Motion, E.H. (25); 3 J. R. Haggerty, E.H. (85). Time—4 min. 35 secs. Won by 30 yards; five yards between second and third.

220 Yards Flat Handicap—First Heat—R. Speirs, B.H. (20). Time—24 3-5 secs. Second Heat—E. Crawford, E.H. (14). Time—23 2-5 secs. Third Heat—W. Raeside, B.H. (14). Time—25 2-5 secs. Fourth Heat—W. G. Weir, E.H. (15). Time—24 4-5 secs. Fifth Heat—J. B. M. Steel, E.H. (15). Time—23 3-5 secs. Sixth Heat—W. A. Bennie, S.H. (13). Time—25 secs. Final—1 Crawford, 2 Steel, 3 Bennie. Time—23 2-5 secs. Won by 2 yards; ¼ yard between second and third.

One Mile Relay Race—1 Bellahouston (Small, Bell, Raeside, and Craig); 2 Glenpark (Osborne, Ashby, Sergeant Gutteridge, and J. Wilson).

Football (eleven-a-side)—Glengarnock Vale beat Stevenston Hearts by 1 goal and 2 corners to 1 goal.

A couple of boxing contests were very much enjoyed. In the first bout H. Willox and M. Dickie turned out. In the second round Dickie retired, and Willox was declared winner. A better-matched pair were Shevlin and P. Lennon, who boxed to a draw.

Miss Guthrie presented the prizes.

KILSYTH RANGERS' SPORTS.

100 Yards Handicap—Final—1 B. Christie, Coalsnaughton; 2 J. Smith, America; 3 C. Alexander, Glasgow.

220 Yards Handicap—1 P. Miller, Cumbernauld; 2 James Connolly, Condorrat (dead heat); 3 W. Wilson, Beith.

Half-Mile Handicap—1 W. Wilson; 2 J. Lumsden, Glasgow; 3 W. Ritchie, Cumbernauld.

One Mile Handicap—1 J. Sneddon, Alloa; 2 W. Wilson; 3 J. Dempsey, Kilsyth.

Obstacle Race—1 J. Connolly; 2 M. Daly, Musselburgh.

Bomb-Throwing—1 Pte. J. Connolly, 10th A. and S.H.; 2 Pte. J. Kilpatrick, 7th A. and S.H.

Dancing Highland Fling (juveniles)—1 James Milligan, Longcroft; 2 May Barrie, Falkirk.

Dancing Highland Fling (juniors)—1 David M'Neil, Gorebridge; 2 Georgina Barrie, Falkirk.

Irish Jig (juveniles)—1 Cissie Cameron, Glasgow; 2 Minnie Reid, Stenhousemuir.

Irish Jig (juniors)—1 Annie M'Kenzie, Clydebank; 2 Peggie Cartwright, Coatbridge.

Sailors' Horapipe (juniors)—1 Willie M'Ewan, Falkirk; 2 James Cuthill, Larbert.

Sword Dance—1 Neil M'Pherson, Clydebank; 2 Mattie Forsyth, Paisley.

Championship Cup for Dancing—D. M'Neil, Gorebridge.

Pillow Fight—1 Wm. Campbell, Kilsyth; 2 James Collins, Kilsyth.

Boys' Race—1 W. Russell, Kilsyth; 2 J. Morrison, Kilsyth.

Girls' Race—1 Jeannie Black; 2 Marion Marshall, Auchenstarry.

ROYAL ALBERT.

There was a good attendance at Royal Albert Sports at Larkhall yesterday. Results:—Boys' Race—Winners of heats—James Watson, Tom Smith, J. Stirling, and R. Willott, Glasgow. Final—1 Watson, 2 Willott, 3 Smith. Boys' Football (semi-final)—St. John's, Hamilton, beat Wishaw Academy by 1 goal to 1 point; Larkhall Academy (No. 1) beat Dechmont Street by 2 goals 1 point to 1 point. Final—Larkhall Academy beat St John's by 3 goals to 0. For third prize, Dechmont beat Wishaw by 3 goals to 1 point. Senior Football—Royal Albert beat Blantyre Victoria by 1 goal 1 point to 0; Airdrieonians beat Hamilton Academicals by 1 goal 1 point to 0; Netherburn beat Larkhall Thistle by 3 goals to 1; Motherwell beat Wishaw Thistle by 4 goals to 1 point; Parkhead a bye. Second Round—Royal Albert beat Parkhead by 2 goals 1 point to 2 goals. Semi-Finals—Airdrieonians beat Motherwell 4-0; Netherburn beat Royal Albert by 1 goal 1 point to 0. Final—Airdrieonians beat Netherburn 3-0 (Paterson, 2; Donaldson, 1).

BATHGATE OLD ASSOCIATES.

Sports meeting at Mill Park, Bathgate, yesterday, in delightful weather.

The principal attraction was a five-a-side tournament, for which thirty-two teams entered. The winners were:—1st team, "Happy Hearts" (J. Kyle, S. Reid, J. Sharp, A. Reid, and John Walls); 2d team, "Farr's Five" (Connelly, Rodden, Bishop, Farr, and J. Bain).

Open Dancing Competition—Highland Fling (16 entries)—1 Sarah Leonard, Edinburgh; 2 Maggie Sutherland, Edinburgh; 3 Bessie T. Cocks, Whitburn. Irish Jig (14 entries)—1 Jeanie Riley, Bathgate; 2 Jeanie MacConnell, Livingstone Station; 3 Ella Hempseed, Edinburgh. Sailors' Hornpipe—1 Sarah Leonard, 2 Jeanie MacConnell, 3 Jeanie Riley. The gold medal for the best dance in these competitions was won by Sarah Leonard, Edinburgh.

A wounded soldiers' race, taken part in by inmates of Bangor Hospital, resulted as follows:—1 C. Batley, 2 J. Grant, 3 Alexander Atkinson, 4 W. Borrows.

£250 all in was a good return at Ibrox.

WHIPPETING.

GLASGOW MEET.

There was another large attendance at the Rockvilla Grounds, Glasgow, yesterday afternoon, when Mr Calder presented his usual weekly dog racing handicap. Some good sport was witnessed at the start, and, with heats filling well, some very close finishes were witnessed. The semi-finals and final were full of excitement, the winners just gaining the verdict by the closest margin. Details:—

Two Hundred Yards Open Handicap—First Prize, £10; Heat Winners, 3s each.—First and Second in Heats—Mr Brown's Sporting Lad (28½) and Mr Dick's Joy (38); Mr Morrison's Miss Pankhurst (27) and Mr Gonan's Grecian Girl (30½); Mr Cashmere's Jane (39½) and Mr Stewart's Loch Sloy (41); Mr Orr's Pike (41) and Mr Brown's All Gold (35½); Mr Clifford's Steam Hammer (39) and Mr Watt's Bag of Tricks (40½); Mr O'Brien's Colleen Lass (22½) and Mr Morris' Ash Plant (39); Mr M'Cue's Green Bushes (42) and Mr Hunter's Lady of the Lake (39½); Mr Sutherland's Summer Time (31½) and Mr Harper's Jeanie Deans (35½); Mr Hunter's Annie (30) and Mr Kinnaird's Major (39½); Mr Harper's Baker Girl (35) and Mr Gilpin's Marie Theresa (31½); Mr Davidson's Saucy Sarah (33½) and Mr Osborne's Lily of the Valley (33½); Mr Sim's Look Sharp (28) and Mr M'Coaville's Orchard Boy (33½); Mr Forgie's Tartar (41) and Mr Burke's Mary's Pet (31½) and Mr M'Cruden's Wild Lassie (42½) (dead heat for second place); Mr Clark's Lusker (27) and Mr Smith's Horror (29½); Mr Murray's Wee Annie (36½) and Mr Strawhorn's Perfect Lady (40½); Mr Blacksmith's Agnes (24) and Mr Bain's Skylark (18½); Mr Burns' Wee Blackie (22½) and Mr Watson's Roxy (38½); Mr Cameron's Luxury (24½) and Mr M'Lean's Spider (37); Mr Barrowman's Bad Girl (36) and Mr Armstrong's Objection (30); Mr ——'s Lady Ann (42) and Mr Burns' Wee Bobbie (41); Mr Kinnon's Signorina (40) and Mr Latta's Baker (36); Mr Williams' Wee Dan (28) and Mr M'Mahon's Wee Tammy (33). First Semi-Final—Sporting Lad and Loch Sloy. Second Semi-Final—Annie and Lady of the Lake. Third Semi-Final—Tartar and Mary's Pet. Fourth Semi-Final—Wee Blackie and Signorina. Final—1 Tartar, 2 Annie, 3 Sporting Lad. Betting—2 to 1 on Tartar, 6 to 1 against Sporting Lad, 8 to 1 Loch Sloy, 10 to 1 others. Won by a head.

EDINBURGH DOGS.

A 190 yards dog handicap was run at Powderhall, Edinburgh, in splendid weather, in twenty-six heats, bringing out 160 dogs. Finalists:—Paton's (Cardenden) Black Bess (28 yds.); Duncan's (Armadale) Bunty (27); Darby's (Uphall) Black Knight (28); Chalmers' (Tranent) Cowboy (26); and Barr's (Lochgelly) Lady Pet (28). Result:—(£8) Cowboy; others 10s each. Betting—6 to 4 on Lady Pet, 2 to 1 against Black Bess, 5 to 1 Cowboy, 6 to 1 Bunty, 12 to 1 Black Knight. Won on the tape. Time—10½ secs.

Coatbridge winners:—First semi-final—1 Gibson's Jingling Geordie (51); 2 Prentice's Third Attempt (48).

Second semi-final—1 Anderson's Fawn Lad (46); 2 Cairns' Wee Needle (56).

Final—1 Jingling Geordie, 2 Fawn Lad. Betting—5 to 4 on the winner.

THE RING.

JACK TURNER'S CHALLENGE.

Jack Turner, of Springburn, still claims the light-weight championship of Scotland. In the course of a long letter, publication of which is forbidden by space restrictions, Jack says he has never refused to box Billy Smith. He reckons that he is still champion of Scotland at 10 st., and before Smith can claim the title he must beat Jack in a match for £100 a-side. If Smith can secure support for that amount, Turner will be pleased to cover Billy's deposit as soon as it is made.

FIGHT FOR SID SHIELDS.

Sid Shields, of Rutherglen, has been matched to box Billy Garrard, of Acton, fifteen rounds at Fulham Grounds, London, on Saturday next, July 28. Johnny Hughes, the Bloomsbury veteran, was originally chosen as Sid's adversary, but he called off, and Garrard was given the job. Billy will be remembered as the boy who had two contests with Walter Ross, but he is no stranger to Shields, who has already beaten him on points. Garrard thought he was unlucky then, and the opportunity of proving that is thus afforded him.

JACK M'CUSKER.

Jack M'Cusker, the popular Irish welter-weight, has returned to Belfast for ten days' leave after a long stay in hospital. He expects to be placed on the regimental gymnastic staff when he returns to his depot. In that event he will have plenty time to get fit for his engagements. M'Cusker challenges any man his weight in Ireland, and, providing a certain sportsman gets the lease of a place in Belfast, Jack will certainly be given a contest, probably with the man of colour, Billy Smith. Jack tells me that, despite his sojourn in hospital, he feels in the pink.

CRICKET.

POLOC v. D. R. DAWSON'S XI.

A scratch eleven, under the captaincy of the Drumpellier veteran, C. T. Maunes, visited Shawholm. The home team had first lease of a capital wicket, and, thanks to some fine batting by Ben Sandiford (57) and Alec Black (25), the total reached 181 before the last man was bowled.

Left one-and-a-half hours to get the runs, the visitors, thanks to a great stand by Jack Oakes and W. B. Thompson, scored 130 for the loss of only two wickets. Scores—Poloc—A. Black, b Skiel, 25; D. C. Kennedy, b Oakes, 5; J. C. Witherby, b Skiel, 13; B. H. Sandiford, c Thompson, b Wright, 57; A. M. Muir, c and b Wright, 15; W. E. Gillespie, b Oakes, 5; J. T. Murdoch, b Wright, 0; J. S. Scott, c and b Wright, 7; H. F. Morgan, c Dickson, b Hinshelwood, 16; G. Chalmers, not out, 3; F. Maynard, b Hinshelwood, 0; extras, 30—total, 181. D. R. Dawson's XI.—C. T. Maunes, b Muir, 8; Captain A. P. Skiel, b Muir, 9; W. B. Thompson, not out, 56; J. Oakes, not out, 52; extras, 5—total for two wickets, 130. A. K. Wright, T. Duncan, R. K. Dixon, R. K. Hinshelwood, D. Simpson, D. Brownlie, and D. R. Dawson did not bat.

SELKIRK v. S.R.V.

At Selkirk.—Scores:—Selkirk (W. Scott, 43; J. Smith, 30; A. Douglas, 18; R. Dalgleish, 11)—total, 116. S.R.V. (Private G. Douglas, 32; Private J. Robertson, 29)—total, 85. Bowling for the S.R.V., Private J. Wallis had five wickets for 20 runs, and Private J. M'Elory four for 17. For Selkirk, J. Ward had six for 18, and A. Harvey four for 17. Selkirk won by 31 runs.

EDINBURGH ACADEMY v. MERCHISTON.

A two-days' match at Edinburgh was finished yesterday, when the Academy won by an innings and 41 runs. The scores were:—Edinburgh Academy, 318 (1st innings); Merchiston, 85 (1st innings), 192 (2d innings)—total, 277. Paterson had seven wickets for 54 runs in Merchiston's first venture.

Greens XI. v. Military XI.—Played at Raeburn Place in connection with the Whitefoord House Fete for the Sailor and Soldier Veterans. Scores:—Greens XI., 113; Military XI., 114 for three wickets. Bob Peel contributed 39, and F. E. Steinthal, an old Loretto boy, had 41 not out. Peel had three wickets for 29, and had the hat-trick.

POWDERHALL PEDS.

Three Miles Handicap—1 (£5) J. Henry, Dailly (600 yds.); 2 (15s) L. Glen, Edinburgh (450); 3 (5s) P. Gilbert, Broxburn (600). Betting—Evens Henry, 3 to 1 against Glen, 6 to 1 Gilbert, 10 to 1 bar three. Won by three yards; inches between second and third. Thirty ran. Time—14 min. 32 secs. A sixty yards foot handicap, run in fourteen heats, resulted as follows:—1 Lance-Corporal Little, Edinburgh (13 yds.); 2 (15s) W. A. Affleck, Edinburgh (13½); 3 (5s) Cousins, Edinburgh (11½). Betting—Evens Little, 5 to 4 against Affleck, 3 to 1 Cousins, 8 to 1 R. Hislop. Won by half a yard.

QUOITS.

BY "DISC."

The Heriothill Handicap proved a "star" turn, and out of an entry of sixty-six, J. Young, of the ground club, carried off premier honours.

The defeat of Tom Weir, the Glasgow champion, was the surprise of the day.

Young was in dandy trim, and off his mark was more than a match for the St Andrews men (Walker and Skeoch) in the last rounds.

Thomas Hawthorn, of Pumpherston, is forward with a challenge to play George Bird, of East Calder, at the eighteen yards distance for anything up to £50, and "Disc" will take the acceptance.

The Craigneuk club caterer for the eighteen yards men on 11th August. £6 10s for the last four, and "Bobbie" Sharp says "Let them all come." It's a day in the country, with a start at 10.30.

Here's a comprehensive item from the Stonehouse club. They are willing to put up Willie Mackay against John or Alec Kirkwood (Red Bowl), W. Pate (Kirkmuirhill), Hastie (Dykehead), Glen (Salsburgh), or G. M'Neil (New Stevenston).

Anything up to £50, home or away, or one game on foreign soil. First come first served, and Bob Anderson, of "The Buckshead" will ratify.

Big "steak" matches are on the carpet, and you can take W. M'Vake to beat Laurie Winters for the £50.

R. M'Bride, the Lanarkshire champion, is "Disc's" candidate against Walkinshaw for the full hundred, and for the first bout 'twixt Speirs and John Orr, the Clydebank man, gets my support. And this "weigh up" is on present form.

A game lot are the Bo'ness men. Can they rise to Willie Watters' challenge, who names the eighteen yards' distance for anything up to a "century?"

The draw for the New Stevenston tourney is J. Rae, W. M'Vake, T. M'Whinnie, or Carmichael, A. Nelson, J. Rae or M'Vake, G. M'Neill, H. King, D. M'Neill, J. Chalmers, and W. Black.

It was a fine sporting finish at Banton, where Willie Graham and Pate Miller ran a neck-and-neck race at 61-57, Graham up.

John Graham, who carried off the Glenbuck "Military" medal is the old committee man of the Cronberry Eglinton F.C. He had all the luck in his final bout with Kilpatrick to finish 21-18 up.

Next week John Kilpatrick (Muirkirk) meets James Mitchell (Coalburn) at Douglas for £40. My money's on "Patrick," who has lately won five out of seven money bouts.

W. Simpson, of Shotts, is forward with a challenge to play a 61 shot game at eighteen yards. He prefers George M'Neil (Holytown), but gives the option to W. Pate (Kirkmuirhill), A. Kirkwood (Red Row), and Andrew Wilson (Larkhall). I expect there will be something doing of this lot.

THOMSON v. CLELLAND.

George Thomson, Longcroft, met William Clelland, Haggs, for £20 on Inmbridge Green, before a record crowd. Clelland created a great surprise by leading comfortably up till the interval, when the score was 41-16 in his favour. Thomson showed something like his form in the second half, and crept rapidly up, being only a few shots behind when Clelland was about 50. The Haggs player got away again, and won by 61 shots to 48.

IRISH RACING.

THE COLONEL'S TIPS.

LOUGHREA.

Monday, July 23.

Eastwell Plate—Vobis, nap; if absent, Fetherney.
Loughrea Plate—Scotch Wolf, nap; if absent, Mozzel.
Rockfield Plate—The Twister, nap; if absent, Bute Royal.
Knockbarron Plate—Trejus, nap; if absent, Yours Only.
Lascelles Plate—Mozzel, nap; if absent, Warelete Prince.
Masonbrook Plate—Birche, nap; if absent, Snout.

THE CURRAGH.

Tuesday, July 24.

1.30—Princess Pat, nap; if absent, Strolling Saint.
2.0—Timber, nap; if absent, Trostan.
2.40—Orb, nap; if absent, Pendragon.
3.10—Trostan, nap; if absent, Downey Bay.
3.40—Geraldine, nap; if absent, Pendragon.
4.10—Mohacs, nap; if absent, Furore.

Wednesday—July 25.

1.30—Dara Bay, nap; if absent, Perhaps Yes.
2.0—Sandhushta, nap; if absent, Doria.
2.40—Double Dew, nap; if absent, Molly Desmond.
3.10—Pericardium, nap; if absent, Foulmartlaw.
3.40—Elfterion, nap; if absent, Foulmartlaw.
4.10—Aldermeston, nap; if absent, Bee Fast.

Thursday—July 26.

1.30—K. of K. nap; if absent, Trostan.
2.0—Furore, nap; if absent, Captive Princess.
2.40—Corn Exchange, nap; if absent, Resignation.
3.10—Loch Dun, nap; if absent, Cally.
3.40—Mount Lebanon, nap; if absent, Half Hoop.
4.10—Crom Aboo, nap; if absent, Lady Kitty.

WINDSOR.

Saturday—July 28.

Victory Handicap—The Viking, nap; if absent, Arita.
Speedy Plate—Cullewater, nap; if absent, Abiad.
River Handicap—Erl King, nap; if absent, Lord Annandale.
Riverside Plate—Elell, nap; if absent, Canute.
Riverside Plate—Alell, nap; if absent, Ivanhoe.
Paddock Handicap—Sprint, nap; if absent, Canute.

BATHGATE Y.M.C.A. v. BATHVILLE UNITED.

For the third time the above teams met in the semi-final of the East of Scotland Juvenile Cup in the Volunteer Park, Armadale, yesterday.

Ten minutes after the game opened Harvey scored for the Y.M.C.A. With three minutes to go, United claimed a penalty kick. This was refused by the referee, and immediately the playing pitch was invaded, when the referee stopped the game. Result:—Bathgate Y.M.C.A., 1; Bathville United, 0.

BILLIARDS.

MACK (in play), ... 10,113
REECE, ... 8542

Jamie Quinn has been before the military, and stands rejected.

Stirling, who was one time on the Clyde list, is now in the R.F.A.

The attitude of Barnsley and Bradford for next season is not yet known.

The Red Cross gets £300 as the result of the Thornton Highland Gathering.

Sergeant Cairns, who played for the "S.R." five at Ibrox, is a D.C.M. and M.M. man.

George Jobey, the Newcastle United and Bradford player, has joined up with the R.G.A.

J. M'Inroy, Maryhill H., was first in the 220 dash at Ibrox, and second in the century—a good double.

The "Sons" next season will be strong on "halves." They have M'Meekin, Wilson, M'Gregor, and Raeside.

Dumbarton hope to announce the signing on of Lister and Semple shortly. But why this delay?

Dumbarton's opening League fixture with Falkirk is to be made the occasion of a big collection for the Red Cross funds.

The gloves were auctioned at Ibrox, and brought £6 10s; while some good sport was highest bidder for the football at £7.

Geordie Waddell played for the military, and immediately turned out for the Rangers, owing to M'Kenna not turning up.

Bradford City, Huddersfield Town, and Leeds City have decided not to take part in the Midland Section tourney this coming season.

Stewart has again signed for Dumbarton. He is a native of the town of the rock, and has seen service with Liverpool and Hamilton Accas. Clydebank, by the way, had a notion of Stewart.

Marvellous Victory over
VARICOSE VEINS

WONDERFUL NEW "SPIRASTIC" SUPPORTS.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, BANDAGES, &c., ENTIRELY SUPERSEDED.

Mr. R. M. Cooper, the well-known Manufacturer of Surgical Appliances, has made a marvellous discovery, which entirely revolutionises the treatment of Varicose Veins.

For the first time it is now possible for the sufferer from this most painful and dangerous ailment to go about in perfect comfort and at the same time to be strengthen the parts that are weak, and a complete and permanent cure is ultimately assured.

As Mr. Cooper, the inventor, says, "Every sufferer from Varicose Veins knows only too well the clumsy and painful nature of the ordinary elastic stocking, but few realise that there is a grave danger in wearing these appliances.

"Ordinary elastic stockings are made with harsh, coarse ribs at the back and sides, and these constantly pressing upon the distended blood-vessels may at any moment set up Inflammation and Ulceration, and thus cause the Varicose Veins to burst.

"Now, however, by my wonderful new 'Spirastic' method the hard, dangerous seams of the old-fashioned elastic stockings are entirely abolished, and perfect comfort and support are given to the limbs."

The New Mecca "Spirastic" Supports are made in the finest thread or silk and are spirally woven in one piece without seams or joins, as shown in the accompanying illustration. Fitting with the softness of a kid glove, they neither press, pinch, nor cut the limb, nor do they wrinkle or lose their elasticity. Although specially woven to the individual measurements of each customer, they cost no more than the ordinary hard-ribbed stocking, will last at least three times as long, and, moreover, are

SENT ON APPROVAL.

If, therefore, you suffer from Varicose Veins, Loss of Power in the Legs, Weak Knees, Swelled Ankles, or Pain when walking or standing write at once to Mr. Cooper, on the Coupon below, for Free Illustrated Booklet fully describing this wonderful invention. Immediately you receive it you will realise why the Mecca "Spirastic" Supports give greater comfort and freedom from pain, and eventually effect a complete and permanent cure.

Mr. Cooper can be seen personally every day (except Saturday), from 11 to 1 and 2 to 3.

.....CUT ALONG THIS LINE.....

To R. M. COOPER, Ltd.,
Manufacturers of Surgical Appliances,
Dept. 341, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me full particulars of your wonderful invention for the complete and permanent cure of Varicose Veins.

Name, ...

Address, ...

.....

FREE "FIRST AID" for SHATTERED NERVES

NEW BOOK OF INCALCULABLE VALUE.

If you will write to-day you can receive gratis and post free a most fascinating book, in which the new and wonderfully successful method of overcoming all nervous troubles are plainly described.

Hitherto, electrological treatment has been reserved for those who could pay the high fees of famous specialists in Electrotherapy, or who could spare the time to avail themselves of hospital or sanatorium treatment.

FREE TO ALL WHO SUFFER

CAN RESTORE YOUR SHATTERED NERVES IN YOUR OWN HOME

This book will be sent free without cost or obligation, if you will fill in and post the coupon below. It is an invaluable health guide that should be in every home.

The methods of applying electricity to weakening, or injured bodies, as employed in the Pulvermacher Electrological Treatment, are economical, agreeable, and almost invariably successful, while the Treatment can be carried out at home or in your place of business.

If your nerves are out of order in any way this book ought to be in your hands at once, and will be read by you with enthralling interest.

This book tells you how to put your nerves in order, how to regain lost vitality, how to acquire mental clarity and balance, how to enjoy life with the zest of a healthy schoolboy, how to conquer depression, despair, melancholia.

No adequate idea of the contents could be conveyed in the space at disposal here. You must see the book for yourself. Why not obtain a copy of this free "Guide to Health and Strength" at once, together with full particulars of the Pulvermacher Appliances? Write at once.

FREE HEALTH GUIDE

By calling or posting this FREE COUPON TO-DAY you will receive the "Guide to Health and Strength." You place yourself under no obligation by applying for the Book and particulars of the Pulvermacher Appliances.

Name, ...

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.....

Post to The Superintendent, Pulvermacher Electrological Institute, Ltd., 74, Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Don't Go from Bad to Worse

When Getting Over a Cold, Fever, or Germ Disease Don't Let Your Kidneys Break Down.

GLASGOW ADVICE.

On June 25th, 1914, Mrs. S. M'Kirdy, 369, Allison Street, Govanhill, Glasgow, said:—"Some time ago I was suddenly seized with cruel pains in my back and hips. I was in such agony that I could scarcely move, and I was kept in bed for several days. I think it must have been an attack of lumbago. I had severe pains in my head and often became very dizzy. I had little energy, and was very low-spirited. I noticed that the kidney excretions were unnatural in appearance, so I decided to take Doan's backache kidney pills. The first box made me feel much better, and as I persevered with the pills I lost all the pains, and the other distressing symptoms were relieved. Doan's pills did me a world of good, and the benefit has been lasting. Doan's pills are a fine medicine.

(Signed) "S. M'KIRDY."

On August 3rd, 1916—over two years later—Mrs. M'Kirdy said:—"I am keeping quite well. Doan's pills cured me splendidly."

Send for Free Book on "Maternity, Motherhood, and Other Long Life Laws."

Fighting off Germ Diseases

weakens the kidneys. Look after them during recovery, or you run the risk of chronic kidney disease.

Germs poison the blood so badly that in a germ disease the regular blood-filtering task of the kidneys is simply doubled.

They weaken. That causes backache, headaches, dizziness, urinary disorders, thinness, and a dull, tired condition.

After influenza, pneumonia, typhoid, scarlet fever, diphtheria, tonsilitis, and even ordinary colds, watch for signs of kidney weakness, and don't neglect any. Use Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. They have given quick and lasting relief to many in Glasgow. More exercise, more air, more sleep, less to eat, and changes from over-work will help, too.

The ringing Glasgow testimony given here is the sort of proof Doan's Pills rely upon. Could better proof be had?

Be sure you ask for DOAN'S and get DOAN'S—the Pills Mrs. M'Kirdy had.

All dealers, or 2/9 a box from Foster-McClellan Co., 8 Wells St., Oxford St., London, W. 1.

DOAN'S
Backache Kidney Pills.

EE If your child is fretful, try a EE

STEEDMAN'S POWDER

It will relieve him

These Powders do not contain poison, nor are they a narcotic, but they act gently on the bowels and relieve feverish heat, thus preventing fits, convulsions, etc

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS ARE CONSTANTLY RECEIVED

EE

"THE PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY THAT HAS NEVER FAILED."

...gh incessant recommendations of those cured, the demand is so overwhelming that every Chemist ...dy exhausted. If your Chemist is unfortunately sold out you can send Postal Order for 2s or ...642 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5, and bottle will be sent by return of post.

...NG TROUBLE & CONSUMPTION,
...ONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH,
...ooping Cough, Children's Cough.

"THE DISEASES THAT BAFFLE THE DOCTORS."

...arvellous Specific "Liq-u-fruta" that never fails—

...ONIC ASTHMA OF EVEN 20 YEARS' STANDING
...RIBLE RACKING BRONCHITIS
...G TROUBLE WHEN SANATOGIA AND
...DICAL TREATMENT HAD FAILED

...OO SPITTING —DIFFICULT BREATHING
...NCHIAL CATARRH —QUINSY —CROUP
...UMONIA —NASAL CATARRH
...YNGITIS —RACKING COUGH
...HT SWEATS —CHOKING PHLEGM
...LUENZA —EMPHYSEMA

1,000,000 PRAISE "LIQ-U-FRUTA."

...ill remove any case of Asthma or Bronchitis, ...strengthen your lungs and enable you to ...e more freely and efficiently. It will banish ...germ of weakness or disease from your ...nose, and respiratory organs. It arrests ...the deadly ravages of Tuberculosis and has ...ed every trace of Consumption from the ...of thousands. Instant relief is experienced.

SAVED MY ONLY SON'S LIFE."

...only son lay at the point of death, suffering ...veral of the above diseases—the most skilled ...ians had done their utmost, but unavail- ...ter at last my doctor told me nothing more ...be done, and that I must be prepared for ...d.

...it was that I discovered "LIQ-U-FRUTA." ...cured my only son. "LIQ-U-FRUTA" ...riously saved his life, and since that date ...es of thousands of others.

(Signed) W. HOME-NEWCOMBE.

Maitland, of Moorfield, writes on February ...She herself was ordered to the Sanatorium, ...as been discharged by the Doctor as in- ...Now, for her own words:—"I went to ...remlet for my 'Liquifruta,' and he asked if ...natorium had done me any good. I told ...I really owe my life to 'Liquifruta.' ...d me how much better I looked. I said, ...body I meet keeps telling me so.' I have ...3¼ lbs. in three weeks, and I am now ...5lb to the mark, whilst at the Sanatorium ...7 lbs. in 7 weeks, and the Doctor said I ...urable. I wish I had only known about ...it a sooner."

As supplied to the Household of H.M. the King at Windsor Castle.

Just as in the case of this lady—no matter how long you have suffered—no matter how badly you have suffered—no matter if the trouble is Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Nasal Catarrh, or Whooping Cough—no matter how many "remedies" you have tried without avail—"Liquifruta" will relieve or cure you if you will just give it a fair trial.

A COUGH AND "LIQ-U-FRUTA" CANNOT EXIST TOGETHER.

"Liq-u-fruta" is gladly supplied by all the 580 Branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, Glasgow Apothecaries, Cockburn & Co., and all Chemists and Stores, 1/3, 3/-, and 5/- or direct and Post Free from Mr W. Home-Newcombe, 642 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5, for remittance in stamps or postal orders. For 2d. in stamps my book "Worth its Weight in Gold," published at 1/-, will be sent Post Free.

Liquifruta
CURES EVERYTHING WITH A COUGH IN IT.

CHARGED FOR CRUTCHES.

WOUNDED SOLDIERS ON EDINBURCH CARS.

Edinburgh, Saturday Night.

Considerable indignation has been aroused in Edinburgh over the statement that a charge was being made for the crutches of wounded soldiers by the Tramway Company.

As no definite confirmation or denial of this report has been given, a representative of "The Post Sunday Special" called at the Tramway Company's offices, and was informed by the officials there that it was perfectly true two soldiers had been charged by car conductors for crutches which they left standing outside. The management were amazed when they heard of the first case, because such an idea seemed too absurd for anyone to think of it. In fact, it was too absurd that they did not think it necessary to issue a specific instruction to the conductors and conductresses, but when the second case was reported the manager issued a notice to those concerned which, to quote the official wording of the document, "even the dullest intellect could not fail to understand," that no such charge was to be made or had ever been intended to be made by the company.

In regard to soldiers travelling on the cars, the Edinburgh company at the outbreak of war granted all men in uniform, whether in training, on leave, or in the city convalescent, the privilege of travelling the full distance any car traversed for the flat rate of one penny, and this concession the company still offers. Amongst some conductors the impression seems to have obtained that if a wounded soldier left his crutches on the car landing he was to be charged for them, as the ordinary passenger is for luggage left outside. But from the official statement this seems to be an entirely erroneous idea.

Amongst the conductresses especially, while the point was in doubt, there was a great deal of indignation, and one lady, interviewed on the subject, remarked that she had told an inspector who asked her if she had charged for a pair of crutches left outside by a wounded "Tommy," that she had not and did not intend to do so.

"I was a bit too quick," the lady remarked, with a smile. "The inspector told me to keep cool. He was only asking because a conductress had had a man on a day or two before and charged him. All the same, if it had been a question of paying, I would have paid myself or given up my job rather than ask a penny from a poor fellow for a pair of crutches."

STOCK EXCHANGE NOTES.

RAILWAY STOCKS DEPRECIATION.

London, Saturday Night.

A FAIR amount of vitality has been shown by the Stock Markets throughout the week, which is noteworthy in view of the mixed character of the war news, and especially of the renewed uncertainty in Russia. Business has run in grooves, and a feature has been the strength of the leading gilt-edged securities, despite the fact that another War Credit will be asked from the House of Commons next week.

HOME RAIL DIVIDENDS.

The Home Rail dividend season has been ushered in with very little fuss, and certainly with no ceremony. The first of the important announcements are the Midland and the Great Eastern, the former paying at the unchanged rate of 3 per cent. per annum on the Deferred, and the latter, at the unchanged rate of ½ per cent. per annum on the Ordinary.

At the present juncture it is worth noting how considerable has been the depreciation in Home Railway stocks generally since, for instance, the year 1897, even the principal descriptions showing a fall of some 50 per cent. For instance, Great Western now stand at 97, as compared with 172 in 1897, and Midland Deferred at 59½, as against 96 in 1897, and 125 in 1887. In the case of Brighton A, the depreciation is still greater, the present quotation of 59 comparing with 185 thirty years ago, so that the depreciation amounts to nearly 70 per cent.

RUBBERS BACK TO THEIR OLD FORM

The mere whisper that there will, after all, be some relief to the present method of application of the Excess Profits Tax, has sufficed to enable the Rubber Market to get back to its old form, with a good demand for practically every type of share. It is evident that Rubber shares maintain their strong hold upon the affections of investors, especially in the North, and that these will be held through thick and thin for the good times which may be expected after the war. The rise which has, however, taken place makes some shares look dearer than others.

BURMAHS PROMINENT AMONG OIL SHARES.

Business in Oil shares has been rather less active, but a firm tone has continued to characterise this market; and, from the demand which has distinguished Burmahs above all, causing the price to rise to nearly 6, it would appear as if, after all, there were some foundation for the recent rumours of the probability of a share bonus, perhaps on the lines of the recent Shell distribution. Dealings in Shell issues have been on a fairly large scale, with a disposition to favour the new shares, in view of the fact that these come out slightly cheaper to the buyer than the old shares.

RUSSIAN MINES EASIER.

There has been a relapse in Russian Mines, owing chiefly to the upheaval in Petrograd, but the latest news is now more favourable, and the rouble has improved. In the meantime, those interested in Russian mines are awaiting further developments, and the leaders of this market, Russo-Asiatics, are quiet at 4½.

HOLIDAY WORK

IN THE BLAIRGOWRIE AND AUCHTERARDER DISTRICTS.

4,000 WOMEN WANTED

from the end of JULY to MID-SEPTEMBER to pick fruit. They will be helping to provide food for our Sailors and Soldiers. The splendid crops will be spoilt unless the women of Scotland come forward in their thousands and lend a hand.

Groups of friends can spend a happy and healthy holiday while rendering a very necessary service to the nation. Parties of friends can travel, live and work together.

Good wages can be earned, and special arrangements will be made for cheap fares.

Housing accommodation is provided free.

Good meals can be obtained at low rates from the various Canteens.

Full particulars as to fares, rates of pay, equipment necessary, and all other information can be obtained at any

EMPLOYMENT EXCHANGE,

where all who wish to help should apply at once.

FACTS ABOUT THE BELGIAN DUNES.

The Belgian Dunes near Nieuport—the scene of the recent severe fighting—extend inland for nearly two-thirds of a mile, three-quarters of the distance between Nieuport and the coast. The grass-tufted hills are of varying height, and the spaces between are clogged with fine loose sand, in which men sink above their ankles, so that every movement is hampered, and, in the language of one of them, "It's like trying to fight with flat-irons tied to your feet."

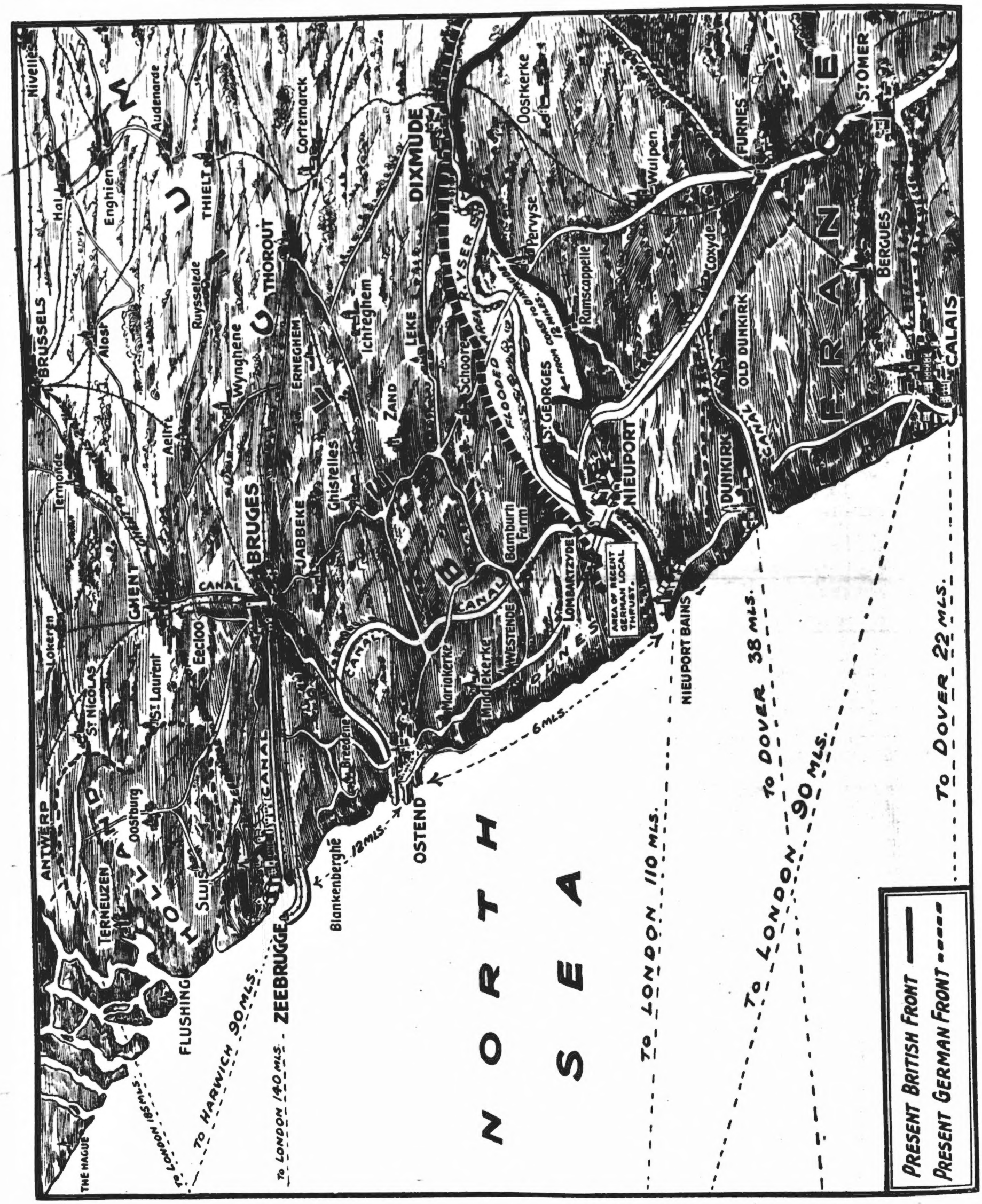
The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, JULY 22, 1917.

THE SCENE OF A GREAT STAND.

It was on the coast dunes in the Nieuport area that what has been described as one of the most noble and tragic episodes of the war took place, on the occasion of the recent local success of the enemy in penetrating our positions here on a front of 1400 yards and to a depth of 600 yards, thus reaching the right bank of the River Yser near the sea. The Germans paid big penalties, for our men put up a magnificent stand, fighting against overwhelming odds and under annihilating fire.

THE BATTLE FRONT FROM NIEUPORT TO DIXMUDE.



The extended British front in Flanders, now running to the coast, is an area of increasing activity. Although the Germans achieved a local success in the Lombartzyde area, our positions are now being well maintained, and the liveliness of the British along their front, despite the difficulties created by the floods, causes the enemy to be very "jumpy." In the northern, or Nieuport, sector, which we recently took over, and which is shown in the above panoramic map, it is only in the neighbourhood of Dixmude and Lombartzyde that the British and German lines approach one another, the flooded areas and the canalised Yser separating them elsewhere. The present heavy fighting indicates the strategic importance of the sector, and the frequent references in Sir Douglas Haig's communiques from the British Headquarters are, of course, full of the greatest interest, now that there is so much heavy artillery firing reported on both fronts. Furthermore, our Navy has been harassing the coast in the occupation of the Germans.

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